



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday of last week the steam barge Resolute with the barge Locke in tow, both laden with coal, pulled in for Toronto harbor after a rough passage across Lake Ontario. Twenty-four hours later the Resolute was a wreck and six of her seamen had found watery graves. Through a day and a night the men on these two boats fought a life and death battle—three times bringing the vessels to the eastern gap and thrice turning out again owing to the gigantic waves, the fury of the winds, and the shallowness of the water in the channel. Back the vessels went to the western gap, where, of course, boats drawing eleven feet of water could not attempt to enter. For twenty-four hours the men on the Resolute and the Locke fought to make port; abandoning that attempt they strove to keep afloat, but the seas smashed over the bulwarks, the pumps could not keep pace with the inrush, and the fires were drowned out in the engine room of the Resolute where, until the last moment, men worked feverishly. Then the sailors tried to save their lives. One boat containing five men was upset and all its occupants drowned. Another boat carried four men to the shore of the Island. Captain Sullivan while in the water grasped a piece of wreckage, and one of the sailors soon joined him, but some time after lost his hold and sank, while Sullivan, after an hour and a half in the icy water, was washed ashore.

The wreckage and the bodies of the drowned were at daylight cast upon the very doorsteps of the city. The morning newspapers came out with cable despatches about a disaster at sea off the coast of France, but not a word about the disaster that had occurred within a rifle shot of their own offices. For a day and a night the barge Resolute fought for her life up and down the lake just outside the pleasure island off the city; when darkness fell and the condition of those tired men grew more desperate every moment, the city became a blaze of light, crowds moved to theatres, concerts, prayer meetings, and then scattered to their homes and went to rest. At four in the morning the vessel yielded to the storm, broke apart, and six of her crew drowned. The city of Toronto knew nothing of this long-drawn battle at her doors. There was no watchman in the tower to give a signal; there was no life-saving crew ready to push off to the rescue. Out in the night, exposed to the gales and the smashing waves, these sailors looked across to the lights of the unheeding city, fought with death and were overcome.

Toronto is the second largest city in the Dominion, and yet, with a sea running, a coal barge cannot enter either the eastern or western gate to this port. Immense sums have been spent in constructing a series of canals where needed between Toronto and the Atlantic, and other immense sums have been spent in deepening these canals to a depth of fourteen feet, and yet, a laden coal barge drawing eleven feet six inches could not enter port at the greatest Canadian city on the lakes—could not enter, and so was wrecked with the loss of six lives. About one vessel each year goes to smash outside those gaps, because neither the nation nor the city will dredge away the sand bottoms of the eastern and western entrances to the harbor. Any day in the summer from a window in the City Hall—or in a newspaper office, for that matter—one may see large vessels out in the lake passing by Toronto and doing a carrying trade between Chicago and the Atlantic. They can pass through the canals Toronto has paid so much to build—but they cannot get into Toronto bay.

Vessels that can make this port under normal conditions cannot do so when a gale blows from a certain quarter, and must hang outside and trust to their own powers of endurance. Sometimes they get pounded to the death, and as no provision has been made for the rescue of men in danger, those on board such vessels must save themselves or trust to the heroism of a few unequipped, unpaid and unthanked individuals on the waterfront, who have done many brave deeds in recent years.

The wreck of the steam barge Resolute after a day and a night spent in futile efforts to enter this port, is a reproach to the city and every inhabitant of it. Governments do nothing but what the people insist upon having done. The loss of six lives in that wreck is a deeper reproach, for we have known for years the need for a life-saving station here. It has been talked of a thousand times. We are talking of it now—but will anything be done?

EVERY city in Canada may learn something from the Hamilton street car strike—not only may, but should learn something. The employees of the company quit work and strike-breakers were put on in their place, with the usual result, stone-throwing, window-smashing, assaults. When Mayor Biggar was asked to call out the troops to preserve order he replied that nothing would be gained by attempting to operate the cars for a few days, and he declared that he would rather assume the responsibility of having a few cars smashed than to have any of the citizens shot down by the militia. Last week it was remarked on this page that Mayor Biggar by his weak course was encouraging lawlessness, inviting riot, and that nobody would be responsible for the destruction of more property, the breaking of more heads, and the shooting of more people, than the mayor of a city who saw violence usurp authority and passively looked on. The truth of these observations has been abundantly demonstrated. Night after night the disorder on the streets of Hamilton grew worse. The mayor assumed the risk of letting a few cars be smashed, and smashed they were. But the trouble did not end there; crowds moved along and broke the windows of the street railway company, the windows of a bank and of a store that had sold supplies to the strike-breakers. One of the company's sheds had the roof blown in with dynamite. Policemen in attempting to arrest men caught red-handed in the act of destroying property, were knocked down and beaten, and in two cases had to draw revolvers to defend themselves. Two men will die of injuries received. In the end Mayor Biggar was forced to

do what he should have done at the outset. He wired to Toronto and London for troops. But when the soldiers arrived, the mob, encouraged by success, had got out of hand, and showed fight. They had thrashed the police, they had owned the town—they were not going to be bluffed by the troops, and proceeded to heave stones at them. The mounted soldiers were forced to ride their horses into and over the crowd, using the flat of their sabres, and driving the rioters into doorways. The foot-soldiers, with fixed bayonets, followed after the mounted men. Two hundred people received injuries more or less serious. Colonel Septimus Denison was assaulted, many of the citizen soldiers were struck with missiles, and the troops under great provocation showed much forbearance, or there would have been serious shedding of blood in the city of Hamilton on Saturday night last.

The trouble was this. Thousands of men, who, for ten days had been disorderly, who had been shouting defiance at the police, who had been heaving rocks and bragging to each other of the great things they would do—these men felt that they had to make a stand against the

they were wrong in their violence, murder a incendiary would not have been necessary to butcher them at the end of the disturbance. When it was all over and people had recovered their senses, they applauded hanging of four of their own ring-leaders. A mob is pretty much the same wherever you find it, whether in the Bristol of 1831 or in the Hamilton of 1906. When the street car strike occurred in Toronto a few summers ago, the troops were on the street so promptly that rioting was stopped before it had got well started. A street car strike is always hard to handle, because the cars manned by strike-breakers are so easy a mark for the stone-throwers, and because for every man who comes out prepared to engage in lawlessness a hundred persons led by curiosity pour into the streets and afford an ambush for the law-breaker.

It is not necessarily the strikers that make the riot that calls for suppression by troops. In every city there is a lawless element glad to see any kind of a disturbance, from civil war to a dog-fight. The sound of smashing glass is music in their ears. They love the roar of an



BY FERDUS KYLE.

## THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES

troops and make good some part of their boasting. The authorities had delayed so long in calling the troops that the mob was committed to a fight, couldn't back out, had bragged and threatened so much that they had to stand up even to sabres and bayonets. To save their faces, as the saying is, they had to risk their foolish heads.

The blame rests on timid Mayor Biggar, who allowed law and order to be over-turned in his city. He refused to make a parade of armed authority on Monday, and by the end of the week he was compelled to send swords and bayonets against the people. All that was needed on Monday was a show of force. By Saturday an exercise of force was required.

In such a strike as this it is not the quarrel between a company and its employees that a mayor has to consider. It is his duty to preserve the peace and protect life and property, no matter who quarrels nor what they quarrel about. The mob on the street cannot be trusted. The devil enters into a mob when its passions arise and its violence succeeds. In Stanley J. Weyman's latest novel he describes the riots in Bristol when the House of Lords rejected the great Reform Bill in 1831. The mayor in that case dallied as the Mayor of Hamilton has done—refused to call the troops, and these when they were called did not use force, until half the city was on fire, until millions of dollars damage had been done, residences pillaged, men killed and wounded. In the end the soldiers had to cut down the mobs in the streets of Bristol. The people of that city were right in desiring the passage of the Bill;

angry crowd. The policeman is their natural enemy, and to roll an officer in the mud is their ambition. Many of these men are far from being criminals—they lust for rough and tumble adventure, that's all. They are husky fellows who would like to shake the old town up for luck, and chuckle over it long after. Here and there is one more vicious than the rest. When a crowd runs wild the worst men in it lead the others to lengths they never contemplated. Other cities should not miss the lesson Hamilton has offered them. Business has been disorganized; property has been destroyed; hundreds of people have been injured, some fatally; feuds have been engendered between the police and certain men on the street, which will cause trouble for a long time to come.

The lesson is that lawful authority should never back down for a minute.

THEY are at it again—those beggars in the cause of religion who go to England appealing for funds with which to carry on church work in the benighted wilderness of Canada. In a recent issue of the London Times appears an advertisement on the authority of the Colonial and Continental Church Society begging for £42,600 for church work in the Canadian North-West, £25,000 to establish new missions among the settlers, £6,000 for studentships to train men for the ministry, £10,000 for parsonages and churches, and £1,000 for passages of clergy and lay readers. Altogether something like half a million dollars is the sum asked for. This appeal is

made in the English press, without any similar appeal being made in the press of Canada. The average man when he goes to church in Toronto finds a plate presented to him and an urgent request made to him that he shall put on it money to support Canadian missionaries who are endeavoring to convert the heathen in China, Japan, India and the isles of the sea. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent away annually from the headquarters of the different denominations in Toronto to support these missions in Asia, while in England similar appeals in press and pulpit are made to induce people to dig up half a million dollars to send the gospel to the wild and churchless Canadians. This country is made to cut a mighty poor figure in British eyes. The Canadian Gazette, published in London, says: "If Canada is as prosperous as she is always representing herself to be to the British investor and emigrant, she should look after the religious needs of her own people, without begging for money from the already over-burdened charity of the Mother Land." Is it not possible to have a stop put to this begging business? About once a year a cry goes up from Rupert's Land for "money from home." It is the cry of the Church of England trying to establish herself in the extremity of the new world. The prosperity of Canada does not seem to reach this propaganda; our national trade may double in ten years, but these northern missionaries only redouble their begging from the British public. Would any increase, however great, in the wealth and population of the Dominion suffice to make the religious movement in that quarter an entirely Canadian enterprise? Apparently not. The country grows rich; the people spend millions on churches, and every month send new missionaries to Asia—and yet Rupert's Land begs larger and larger sums in England and makes this country look foolish.

Cannot the Church of England in Canada Canadianize the work in that part of the vineyard, or abandon it to some denomination that will not have to go begging across the ocean?

M R. J. J. HILL made a powerful argument in favor of reciprocity between the United States and Canada in his Chicago speech. Professor Goldwin Smith was there with a letter in which he said: "Reciprocity is the voice of nature, and her dictate to all whom she has made partners in her bounty in this continent. I hope yet to see it triumph before I die." Mr. Hill regarded Canada as being "merely a portion of our own western country cut off from us by the accident of original occupation and subsequent diplomatic agreement." The whole continent had been made by nature one and indivisible, and although "commercial unity may be postponed to the certain loss of both countries, it cannot be defeated ultimately." Two very able men thus predict confidently that time will bring reciprocity of trade throughout North America. It may be so.

Nature, they say, ordains it. In such matters, however, nature is subject to human nature to a considerable extent. Ours is not the only instance where two nations are separated by imaginary lines, yet remain separate, maintain tariff barriers, and even frontier armies. Canada wanted reciprocity once, asked for it many times, negotiated for it more than once. Perhaps Canada would still be willing to enter into a reciprocity arrangement, but I have yet to meet the politician or business man in Canada who believes that the United States would offer us a square deal or one that we could consider for a moment. They don't know how to trade on the square. They see only their own side of the question. Even those who advocate reciprocity with Canada make speeches that clearly reveal a desire to trade one dollar for ten. Already they sell to us three times as much as they buy from us, and what they now want is to pour manufactured goods into our western wheat country, and in exchange buy from us such raw materials as they have exhausted at home. They want to make out of us both going and coming. They will have to talk reciprocity a long time before they talk themselves down to a square deal basis.

OUT in the country as one drives along a road enquiring from a companion something of the history of the places that come into view, one frequently passes a home—no, not a home, but a house—wherein lives an old man worth nobody knows how much money. By comparison with his neighbors he is immensely rich. But his son is away somewhere in the United States, and nothing has been heard of him for years. His daughters have married, moved away and never cross the father's threshold. His wife is dead—worn out, worked out in the stingy, cheerless existence that was hers. The old man grew rich on the misfortunes of others—sold his wife and his children for money, valued nothing but The Cash. It is cheaper to live as he lives, practically alone, than with children and a brood of grand-children romping about the place. This old man made his money in mortgages. He lends money on good security, but seizes his victim's property whenever the law allows it. The man who is driven to him to seek a loan finds him genial as a May morning; but when one comes to him for mercy or an extension of time, he is as bleak and stern as a December night. Yet if you meet with one of those who knew this old man as a boy at school or later at the age of twenty or thirty, he will tell you that he was as fine a fellow as you would want to know. At middle-age something went wrong with the man's insides, and made him a wolf. He started to ravage for money, and getting it and getting more of it, yet ends his days the most miserable creature in his country. Not a soul goes near him without a purpose as selfish as his own.

In this city—or any other—if one walks abroad and asks questions about the buildings he sees, he will be surprised to learn how many fine residences have been turned into young ladies' boarding schools, retreats for invalids, or turned to public account in one way and another. In nearly every case there is a story, and the stories have a general sameness. A man made money hand over fist, piled up a fortune, built himself a fine residence, fenced off large grounds, founded a family, established it, and died leaving the wealth that would maintain it. As a rule it takes about a dozen years to see all his plans miscarry.



His heirs have ideas quite different from his, split up the estate, and often squander it. The sons at home were taught little, perhaps, but to spend and enjoy. The father was too busy with big affairs to be bothered with his boys—they were his sons and would turn out all right. But within a few years of his death the man's name is forgotten, his family without influence, and his fine residence has been sold for one-quarter its cost, and converted into a hospital or a school. He tried to found a family on wealth alone, and failed as thousands have failed in all parts of America. A family needs something more than money to hold it up where a strong man has placed it, and the young man who has been an idler and spender from the cradle is little likely in middle-life to hold his own in financial battles against such crafty timber wolves as was his father—men who, like his father, knew bitter want in early days and fought with bull-dogs to win a breakfast.

The money-grubber on the farm who can acquire riches only by small gains, by miserliness and harsh dealings with all over whom he gains mastery—the fortune chaser in the city who night and day, Sunday and week day, grapples with his problems and plans sharp twists around nasty corners—both these men may gain what they seek, but when you look around you cannot fail to think that they lose better things than they gain. It will be admitted that this is true sometimes—it is probably true, as a rule. A man may move into a palace and never again have a home. He may gain position, and lose a family. He may make a fortune and not retain a friend. Men are doing these things every year, and some of them will read these lines and know them to be true.

Recent exposures in Canada should cause young men to reflect that life is something more than a business deal, and that money is not worth much to an old man in disgrace, nor is money much of a legacy to leave a son who is devoid of character. With a large fortune to squander a young fellow is in jail in New York awaiting trial for a cowardly murder. Adams, the "policy king," an old man with his fortune made, committed suicide in New York a few weeks ago.

It is surprising how the habits of a village stick to a city. When a small place gets a new factory every citizen listens with pride to the screeching of its steam whistle morning, noon and night. When three or four of these steam voices scream in unison they produce a din that proclaims a manufacturing centre, and the oldest inhabitant stops on the street corner to tell younger men that he can remember the time when nobody would have foretold that the village would be such a hive of industry. At five in the morning the village whistle blows to rouse the workman from slumber, so that he can get his breakfast, do his chores and get to work at seven, by which time the whistle blows again and the machinery is set in motion. In Toronto these old habits stay with us. The man who gets steam up in the early morning pulls the whistle at five or six o'clock. The factory may be in the west-end, and many of the workmen may live over the Don or away up Yonge street, but the whistle blows before daylight, just as if the factory were in a village and the houses of the workmen clustered around it. All this whistling is quite useless, and often a source of much annoyance. Clocks are no longer expensive and rare. Every early riser in Toronto has an alarm clock in his room if he needs one, which many men of regular habits do not. The man who is accustomed to rising in the morning at a stated time, can strike that time within five minutes without the aid of whistle, alarm clock or a rapping on his door. There is no reason why scores of steam whistles should screech in the mornings, disturbing residential neighborhoods and doing actual benefit to nobody. Many of the largest manufacturers in the United States have dispensed with whistles altogether, and I have seen letters from some of them stating that they have learned that the whistles had not done anything to promote punctuality on the part of the workmen—the men are on the spot as formerly and work begins and ends on the stroke of a gong in each department. They even find that the men prefer to work without being screamed at by a steam whistle, while the attitude of the general public towards a factory is made much more amiable when it ceases to raise a raucous voice at unreasonable hours. Scientific opinion also favors the cessation of these noises in cities, where there is too much noise under the best circumstances. The way to stop this nuisance is to stop it. It should be made illegal to blow steam whistles except for purposes of alarm and in order to arouse a neighborhood. A neighborhood should not be aroused every morning for no purpose whatever. In the meantime, if the reader has anything to do with a factory that blows a whistle, let him ask himself what's the use of it? MACK.

Edmonton people, sitting with doors open to the glorious sun and air of Indian summer, are reading these days of seven inches of snow in the Niagara vineyards, or four feet in Colorado, of enough of it in South Dakota and Minnesota to blockade trains, and of passenger coaches blown from the tracks in Salt Lake City. And, reading this, many an Edmonton citizen recalls days not so long ago when, in the southern counties of Ontario or the prairie States of the middle west, teachers weighty with learning filled his youthful mind with a notion that the "rigorous climate" of the "Saskatchewan country" was to be contemplated only with a shudder. When memory and newspapers lay these two scenes of the past and present before him, what wonder if the Edmontonians smile at the grim joke played by the weather man on the "wise-acres" of the "favored" country "back home?" Or who can blame him if he recalls that nature has a fashion of working out a retributive justice everywhere?—Edmonton Bulletin.

Niagara Falls has been the scene of many sensational tragedies. On Monday afternoon an unknown man in a rowboat was carried down the current, and, erect and waving his arms, was swept over the cataract. Two rescue parties in rowboats attempted to save the man. In one boat was John Rapelje, Detective Greenwood and Louis Blake Duff, editor of The Welland Tribune. In the other was George Grey and Thomas Flummerfelt. These boats went down the Chippewa River to the Niagara, and tried to catch the other boat, but a current swept the doomed man over towards Goat Island. The rescuers were in great peril, but managed to make the shore.

John O'Gorman, Daniel Wiley, William J. Mulloy, and George M. Reid have been committed for trial in Toronto as a result of the sensational investigation before Police Magistrate Denison into the London election scandal. Hon. C. S. Hyman has resigned his seat in London, and has been ordered South by his physician, his health having been bad for some time.

### The Remittance-man.

By N. R. H. BULLEN.

I'm only "a darned remittance-man,"  
On fifteen dollars a week,  
And I came out here to Canada,  
A competence to seek.  
I'd never been used to work at home,  
Except by way of a lark,  
Such as digging away at a rabbit hole,  
Or breaking a colt in the park;  
But I backed a horse for the Derby,  
And dropped a tidy lot,  
And what with "Bridge" and treating the girls,  
The whole thing went to pot.  
But I'd always been keen on ridin'  
When I'd got a good 'un to go,  
So I reckoned I'd be invaluable  
In "God's country" don'tcherknow.  
Yes; they call the place "God's country,"  
As though they would suggest  
That they'd only to come and live here,  
To make him love it best.  
Well, when I first came out here  
They put me up at their clubs,  
And they stood me drinks in their gilded saloons,  
Which in England we call "pubs,"  
And as long as my money lasted,  
They flocked around like bees:  
When I hadn't a cent, they simply went,  
And so did my gilded ease.  
"How would it be to go on a ranch?"  
Ah, that's a happy thought:  
Simply rippin' cheyvin' cows,  
And devilish decent sport."  
So I hiked away to Alberta,  
And got taken on at a ranch,  
And next I assisted a local bank,  
At its still more local branch.  
Then at real estate I tried my hand,  
On the tail of a mining boom;  
When that bust up I marked the games  
In a third class billiard room.  
There were only two things left to try,  
So I laded out drinks at a bar,  
And ended by washing up dirty plates  
On a beastly dining car!  
Now they call me "a darned remittance-man"—  
It's like their infernal cheek,  
But I feel like a multi-millionaire  
On my fifteen dollars a week.  
Petrolia, November, '06.

### A Mounted Policeman's Adventure.

MANY are the interesting and authentic stories told of the adventures of men on the Royal North-West Mounted Police Force. A Winnipeg correspondent writes that in order that the Government might not lose the few dollars it would receive from customs dues, Corporal Seller of this famous corps, made a 995-mile trip through Arctic wastes and successfully accomplished a journey which many an explorer would be proud of. Seller was stationed at Fullerton, on the west coast of Hudson Bay. He heard from natives that the Scotch ship Ernest William had put in further north and intended to trade with the natives. He decided at once that it was his duty to see that the ship and captain paid the dues required by the Government regulations. Accompanied by Interpreter Ford and an Esquimaux guide, Seller set out on his long trip, which occupied two months. Intensely cold weather was encountered, and many blizzards, but the only casualty was the death of one dog of their team of ten.

For two days both men and dogs were short of rations, and had they not opportunely fallen in with a party of natives would have been in desperate straits. For a part of the journey the food had to be eaten frozen and raw, as alcohol and wood gave out.

The courageous policeman kept a diary, from which these extracts are taken:

"Very cold day. Had both feet frozen."  
"Terrible snowstorm. Must find natives to get food, but cannot stir while storm lasts. Our dogs have had nothing for three days and cannot possibly spare them anything from our scanty store."

"Another bad storm. Sent Ford and Esquimaux out to look for natives. They found some, who told them that the place where the ship was is called Melachusectuck, 'the place where ghosts chase women.'"

At the end of two months the little party reached "the place" where ghosts chase women, and received a hearty Scotch welcome from the captain of the ship, who paid his Government dues and outfitted the corporal for his return journey.

Seller receives \$1.50 a day.

### Our Strenuous Authors.

With due acknowledgments to various writers of "literary paragraphs," Punch prints the following interesting items:

"Mr. Percy Pott-Boileau, who makes a point of traveling 50,000 miles every year, is at present on the top of Popocatepetl, correcting the proofs of his new short story for The Monthly Paralyzer."

"It is stated on good authority that one of our younger novelists, who has in his time played the roles of chimney-sweep, pirate, cinematograph-operator, bull-puncher, and steward of an L.C.C. steamboat, is about to visit Patagonia, Dawson City, and Peckham Rye, in order to obtain material for his autumn volume of 1907."

"Mrs. Banbury Crosse, who is suffering from nervous prostration in consequence of seeing her forthcoming volume of poems—'Harmonies of Rest'—through the press, will go five times round the world before essaying a new lyric."

"There is an interesting paper in the current monthly issue of The Three-Weekly Review, entitled 'Was Lamb Really Great?' The writer points out, with some cogency we think, that it is rather an ungracious task to attempt any estimate of the work of an author who was never a deck-hand, never owned a motor-car, and whose travels seldom took him further afield than Hertfordshire or Hampshire. Had he lived in this age of cheap travel he might have acquired a prose style of real merit. In the same paper the well-known deficiencies of Addison's style are attributed to the fact that he never visited Peru or the Tibetan highlands."

The production of gold in the mines of South Africa for the month of June was the greatest ever recorded. In the first six months of the current year the production was nearly \$6,000,000 greater than in the corresponding time last year.

### Gastronomies of the Purple.

THE President of France, dissatisfied with the artificial flavoring given to his food by his celebrated chef, Mr. Tesch, has had him discharged, and now in his place has engaged a woman as his chief cook. The Seattle Post Intelligence recalls a similar revolution in the kitchen of President Harrison, and compares the circumstances of the two events:

Mr. Fallieres is a Gascon, and he explained to the chef that he disliked *la cuisine travaillée*, or composite dishes, and wanted meat, fowl, fish and vegetables to be served with their natural flavor. The suggestion was ignored; Mr. Fallieres insisted; the great chef, offended, resigned, and a *cordon bleu* (a female cook entitled to wear the blue ribbon of the order of the Saint-Esprit) was forthwith engaged to take his place. The cooking of the *cordon bleu*, who comes from the President's native province, has been tested and found satisfactory, so that Mr. Fallieres' meat and vegetables are now served with their natural flavor.

An analogous instance happened in the White House during President Benjamin Harrison's administration.

When Mr. Harrison took possession of the executive mansion he installed as chef a noted *maitre d'hotel*, who resigned a position in the famous Hotel Richelieu, of Chicago, to go to Harrison. He turned out wonderful dishes, veritable culinary triumphs, but they were, of course, prepared by *la cuisine travaillée* methods. Harrison, however, liked plain, homely, wholesome fare at his private table. He was especially fond of fried apples and pork for breakfast, and he shocked his chef by insisting on having that toothsome combination. As time went on and the opportunities for displaying the resources of his art faded away, the chef grew thoughtful. He reflected that a man who wanted fried apples and pork for breakfast had more use for a good, old, Southern darky cook than for a French chef, and so, after a while, he quietly resigned and opened a restaurant in Washington.

Thus it will be seen that those who wear the purple, or its equivalent, have to put up a harder fight to get what they like than do plain, obscure, everyday folk. Still there is the other side of it. Think how incomprehensibly barbarous it might seem to a great chef that a royal or presidential palate should require meat and vegetables to be served "with their natural flavor," or should actually plead guilty to a weakness for fried apples and pork for breakfast!

### Rhodes Scholars do Well.

REPORTS on the operation of the Rhodes scholarship scheme, which it is intended to issue annually hereafter, are now available. There are at present 161 Rhodes scholars at Oxford, of whom seventy-one are from the British colonies, seventy-nine from the United States, and eleven from Germany. On the whole, so far as they have been tested, they have achieved a very high degree of academic success. Rose of Quebec and Bohan of Melbourne are among the most distinguished of the scholars. Bohan won nearly £1,000 worth of scholarships in the past year.

The report shows that a great majority of the academic distinctions have been achieved by the colonial students, who in this respect leave these from the United States noticeably behind.

From an athletic viewpoint, however, the Americans more than hold their own. Sutton, Young, Schutt and Stevens have all won prominent events in the university sports. The colonial students have not so far taken a prominent part in the sports except the South Africans, who have wonderfully strengthened the university football team.

The doubts which were originally entertained as to how the new elements would mingle with the old have been quite dissipated. The Rhodes scholars in some colleges tend to keep together, especially the Americans, but this is not noticeable any more than in the case of lads going to the university from Eton and Harrow. In a great majority of cases the Rhodes scholars have been completely absorbed in the general body of undergraduates.

At Oxford the Rhodes scholars are dubbed "Roadsters," not altogether to their liking.

### A National Weekly.

From the Cobden Sun.

The Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT last week entered upon its twentieth year and took occasion to tacitly remark that its success had proven the fact that a paper of the kind can live and flourish in Canada. It may be said to be the only journal of its kind published in this country. It has no alliance with any political party, is absolutely fearless in its utterances, and has the happy habit of telling the whole truth no matter who gets hit. Its increasing size signifies the prosperity it is enjoying, and is proof that the people of Ontario at any rate appreciate a high-class weekly of superior tone. It evidently aims at the status of an absolutely independent national weekly. There is no good reason why Canada should not have at least one great weekly of the Harper or Collier type, and this can only be secured by the Canadian people appreciating the efforts that are being made toward this end.

The Governor of Jamaica's report for the fiscal year 1905 shows that in 1903 the United States took one hundred and fifty times as much sugar as Canada. Canada now takes thirty-four times as much as the States.

Safer than registering, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is to put insufficient postage on a letter. "The post office never loses a letter which is insufficiently stamped."



Chafing Dishes

**RICE LEWIS & SON**  
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Cor. King and Victoria Streets, TORONTO

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11 and 13 King Street East

Milliners, Ladies' Tailors and Costumers.

Creations in Costumes and French Pattern Hats from the leading fashion shops on the Continent. The most pretentious display of Silks, Laces, Robes, and Cloths ever shown in Canada.

Gloves in all the Newest Shades—Bourdon, Ruddygore, Mulberry, Chippindale. Evening Gloves in all shades and lengths. Corsets—La Grecque and A La Spirit.

### Complete Rooms

from the decoration of the ceiling and walls to the furniture, rugs and fixtures are our specialty. Not crude, so-called Mission or Craftsman furniture, but carefully studied and perfectly proportioned examples of pure style either modelled on old examples of undoubted merit or designed in the restrained and beautiful modern English school. Materials, hangings, etc. selected in harmony, ensuring that subtle and elusive element called for want of a better word "style." We call special attention to our stock of figured and printed linens for window hangings and furniture coverings.

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### A Wedding, Reception or Cotillion

—Catering in most Up-to-date Ideas—

**GEO. S. McCONKEY**

27-29-31 King West

### A Planked Steak Board

Would be a welcome addition to the appointments of many a dining room. We would like you to look at what we show. One at \$50 acts as a magnet on one's purse. It is irresistible.

**WANLESS & CO.**

Fine Jewellers. Established 1840.

168 Yonge St., - Toronto

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Do you want them? We have the most beautiful grown, and all from our own greenhouses. 200,000 square feet of glass devoted to roses.

**Orchids, Lily-of-the-valley, Violets** Send for price-list. We guarantee the delivery in good condition to out-of-town patrons.

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96 Yonge St. - - - TORONTO

NICKEL PLATED

**CHAFING DISHES**

You will be surprised at the number of dainty dishes that can be cooked quickly on one of these useful articles. Prices from \$4.50 to \$17.50 each.



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Reports on Securities furnished on application.

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**A. E. Ames & Co.**

LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

### SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

PER 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> CENT.

Allowed on deposits. Interest paid half-yearly. Accounts subject to cheque. Interest calculated on DAILY BALANCE

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS CO.  
28 KING ST. E. TORONTO

### COBALT STOCKS

Bought and sold on strictly COMMISSION business, and as we are members of The Toronto Stock Exchange it is a guarantee of satisfactory execution.

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**WYATT & CO.,**  
46 King St. W., Toronto.  
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Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000  
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AT ALL BRANCHES

### A Bonus of \$75

(per \$1,000 assured), was added to life and endowment policies for the five years ending 31st December, 1904, and it is noteworthy that this rate of Bonus has been maintained unbroken for the long period of 40 years.

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### Royal Insurance Company

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Is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee:  
1. It is perpetual and responsible, and saves the trouble, risk and expense of frequent changes in administration.

**The Imperial Trusts**  
Company of Canada  
Head Office 17 Richmond St. West

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For the man who becomes an agent for, or a policy-holder in, the Mutual Life.

In 1905, new insurance to the amount of \$6,014,576.00 (an increase of \$3,720,984.00) was written in the Mutual Life. Surplus increased \$179,928.23—and assets \$1,075,560.70.

**The Mutual Life**  
INSURANCE CO.  
OF CANADA.

backed by its 37 years of prosperity—its enduring financial methods—its perfect protection and low rates to policy-holders—is the fastest-growing company in Canada.

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**J. S. & G. G. MILLS,**  
Toronto Agents, 10 KING ST. WEST

### The Home Bank OF CANADA

Dividend No. 2.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Half-year ending November 30th, 1906, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the First day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive.  
By order of the Board.  
**JAMES MASON, General Manager.**  
Toronto, October 17th, 1906.  
Head Office: 8 KING ST. WEST.  
City Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday Nights—78 Church Street, and Corner Queen and Bathurst Sts.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. ROBERT DICKERDIKE, M.P., Montreal.

Montreal, Nov. 29.  
WHY is it that the Dominion Coal Company has such difficulty earning a fair return upon its capitalization? The question is one which is often discussed in financial circles, and is particularly pertinent at this time. The answer is comparatively easy: over capitalization. The story of the Dominion Coal Company from its early days is an interesting one, and has not been told, at least within the past dozen years or so.

The Dominion Coal Company began life in a modest sort of a way, for practically the first that the general public knew of it was when the old Jacques Cartier Bank became the owner. The bank made many years ago some cash advances to the then owners, and eventually was compelled to take the property over. Next it was brought to the notice of a select company of Montreal capitalists. Some of these men are dead and gone, while others still occupy prominent places in the business world. Included among them were Lord Strathcona, Gilman Cheney, the late Hugh McLennan, as honest a man as ever lived; Abner Kingman, still in active business life; G. M. Kinghorn, and T. B. Brown, who afterward quit the business world to become a preacher. The man who blocked out the deal was Mr. Kingman, who was then very largely interested in the Black Diamond Steamship Company, and who wished additional tonnage for his vessels. The Dominion Coal Company's chief asset was the International mine, which, by the way, still stands the company in good stead.

Some twelve years ago Mr. H. M. Whitney, looking for cheap coal for some of his Boston enterprises, journeyed down to Sydney, and the end of the negotiations came with the passing of the property to the new owner and a new syndicate. The old owners mentioned above became possessed of some cash and some stock in payment for their property. The bonds they took at 85c. on the dollar, the preferred stock at 90c., and the common stock at 10c. on the dollar. The common stock about this time sold in the open market at from \$10 to \$15 per share, and once upon the illness of Mr. H. M. Whitney declined to \$6. However, \$10 per share was looked upon as about the worth of the property at that time. Upon the advent of Mr. Whitney and a reorganization, the reorganized Dominion Coal Company took on new life. It was worked and twisted, turned upside down and juggled until the owners themselves would have had a hard time telling you what the shares were worth intrinsically, and what had been put into the property. When it was finally rescued out of the jack pot, however, it had collected barnacles to the extent of fifteen millions of common stock with a lot of preferred and bonds as well. This was one of the early up-to-date Canadian specimens of high finance. As a matter of fact the earnings of the Dominion Coal Company upon the actual cash investment are very high indeed. Few properties even of the highest possible value could have withstood watering and held its own as did the Dominion Coal Company. Upon the capital actually expended in plant, new areas, and equipment, the company would now be able to pay very handsome returns, but with the large capitalization the management has its work cut out.

Forceful, strong headed, ever ready to present his side of a question when the proper time comes, Sir William Van Horne has come forward with a statement of why and how he decided to forward his letter of resignation as a director of the Dominion Coal Company. Sir William has his own way of doing things. When he had a statement to make regarding anything or anybody, he does not bandy words. He does not even take the chance of having it appear in a less dogmatic cloak. No, sir; he sits down and dictates just what he wants, and there it is for the newspaper to put upon its pages. Change a word, alter a paragraph, and you have Sir William down upon you like a thousand of bricks. To-day, as far as public sentiment goes, the strongest card in the hands of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, is his resignation from the Coal Company's board. He tells Mr. James Ross plump and plain, that the latter gentleman has no business to attempt to break the contract with the Steel Company; that the executive of the Coal Company did not have the power to do this, and that the Coal Company, through its president, Mr. Ross, had treated the Steel Company in an unfair and unbusinesslike manner.

There are those who have intimated that Sir William may have been led to these conclusions by reason of the fact that he is a small owner in Coal, and a large holder of Steel stock. How much stock he holds in the Steel Company I am unable to say, though his holdings in Coal are known to be comparatively small. But at the same time no one who is familiar with Sir William and his methods would for a moment impute such a motive. The chairman of the C.P.R. directorate may be right, and may be wrong in his conclusions, but no one who has any experience with the man, would for a moment take seriously such a charge.

The position of other directors who still remain upon both boards seems peculiar in the extreme. For instance, there is Mr. R. B. Angus, for while that gentleman has not figured in the controversy at any time, still he is a member of the two directorates. What makes Mr. Angus' position still more complicated is the fact that he is the father-in-law of Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, vice-president and general manager of the Coal Company, and one of the executive committee which set aside the now famous contract.

Another director in both companies who must find himself in rather an odd predicament is Senator Cox. That gentleman, unlike Mr. Angus, has taken an active interest in affairs since the beginning, being a regular attendant at the Steel Company's conferences. If one might enter a prediction at this time it would be that the resignations of both these capitalists will be forthcoming within a comparatively short time, and that while Mr. Angus will, in all probability, resign from the Steel board to follow the fortunes of the Coal Company, Senator Cox will, on the other hand, tender Mr. Ross his resignation

and hereafter take an even more robust part in the complicated affairs of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

The gas and electric light situation in Montreal is causing considerable discussion through the appearance on the scene of a rival company to the all-powerful Light, Heat and Power Company. The new people offer to supply gas and electric light at a great reduction in price. Some time ago we published an article from Montreal on this subject reviewing a similar situation of a dozen years ago, that ended with the new company being absorbed by the older one. There is another side to the story as told in these columns in September, and now that I have been put in possession of all the facts, I desire to point to the real reason why there has not been competition in gas in Montreal these dozen years past. Mr. John Coates, C.E., of Ottawa, was at the head of the new company that started in to supply gas in Montreal in 1893, and associated with him were such men as A. F. Gault, Richard White, Chas. Magee, David MacLaren, Robert Blackburn and others. The Montreal company was selling gas at \$1.30; the new company started in to supply it at \$1. But no sooner would this company start in to supply gas on a given street at \$1 than the Montreal Company would promptly cut its price to residents on that street to \$1 also, while still charging \$1.30 on other streets. The new company found that the consumers accepted dollar gas from the old company and not from the new—it was less bother, as the pipes and meters were already in. The people hate to be bothered. The new company was up against a hard proposition—powerful opposition and popular indifference. In the end Mr. Coates and his associates sold out. They were under no kind of agreement not to do so. They had given no bond not to do so, as was made to appear in the previous account of the affair sent from Montreal. The case that went to the Supreme Court was not in connection with any such bond, but had to do with a \$15,000 deposit made by the new company in tendering on a street lighting contract which was not awarded to them. Naturally the Supreme Court ordered the return of the deposit. But the point is here, the people did not support the new company in 1893-4, and there was nothing to do but quit. Mr. John Coates, C.E., has shown in Ottawa and in many cities in Australia what he can do in the lighting field where the conditions are not impossible; he had associated with him in his Montreal venture men reputable as himself, and nothing in the transaction reflects on them in any way. Even as it was, they left the field with the price of gas in Montreal reduced 10c. per 1,000.

Toronto, Nov. 29.

GENERAL MANAGER McLEOD'S letter to the press last week somewhat startled bank shareholders. These proprietors had previously thought Canada pretty free from bank failures, but Mr. McLeod figures out the bank failures in this country at twelve the last twenty-six years, which is equivalent to 25 per cent. of the total number in that period. He also stated that the national bank failures in the United States during the same period were only 5 per cent. It is needless to say that the general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia favors outside inspection, which is at variance with the views of the Bankers' Association. This independent action of Mr. McLeod appeals to the sympathies of the general public who, it may be said, think the Bankers' Association have too strong a pull at Ottawa. Mr. McLeod says: "Some urge that the Government should call for special returns, but what value should attach to special returns from the Bank of Yarmouth, from the Ontario Bank, or from any of the other wrecks gone before? They would simply have enlarged the piles of incorrect and deceptive bank returns in the Finance Department. . . . Most, if not all, of the failures were fraudulent, and it is now plainly evident that a few hours' examination by a skilled banker would have disclosed an insolvent condition in any one of the banks years before it collapsed. . . . An inspector cannot discover an embezzlement until after the act is committed; neither can he avoid a ruinously bad debt made before his visit, but the progress toward failure is generally slow, and in the majority of cases a prudent inspector would by his advice and authority, save the situation and direct the management into safe channels."

In 1880, says Mr. McLeod, there were in existence in Canada 41 banks; since then seven have been incorporated and have commenced business, making a total of 48 banks. Of this total 12 have failed, and some others have saved themselves by amalgamation. The failures are therefore 25 per cent. within a period of twenty-six years.

At the present time, there are 16 banks, with headquarters Ontario, doing business. This number includes the Bank of Nova Scotia, the headquarters of which were removed to Toronto some years ago. A large proportion of the capital, however, was furnished in Nova Scotia. We may mention incidentally that Nova Scotia, which was the headquarters of nine banks twenty years ago, is now headquarters for only two banks, while New Brunswick has three as compared with four twenty years ago. Ontario is the headquarters of 16 different banks, as against 13 twenty years ago, and it is the only Province in Canada that has an increased number as compared with two decades ago. The paid-up capital of these sixteen banks in Ontario is now \$43,000,000, as compared with \$18,000,000 in 1886. And until the collapse of the Ontario Bank last month, this Province had been free from bank failures for the past eighteen years. The year 1887 was a year of bank disasters. No less than three took place, the Bank of London, the Central, and the Federal Bank. Our banks, however, are much stronger than in the earlier years, and carry comparatively larger liquid assets. While there are fewer banks in the Dominion than a quarter of a century ago, the capitalization has grown about 40 per cent. during that period. The

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000  
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000  
Total Assets - 30,000,000

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

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341 Yonge Street  
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GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

37 King St. East.

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Small current accounts for business or professional men carried free of charge  
Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

TORONTO BRANCHES

### THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

34 King Street West  
Agnes Street—In the Ghetto  
472 Spadina Ave.

"A man of trained mind,  
if he has  
natural capacity and energy,  
can do anything  
that he  
chooses to do."

"—But the man  
who would do things  
of any consequence  
in business ways  
must have  
money."

"The Bank Account is his tool chest."

## SPARKLING BETHESDA

Carbonated with Liquid Carbonic Acid Gas, and has that pungent taste which has given it its world-wide reputation as

## THE GREAT AMERICAN TABLE WATER

Aids in digestion, blends with wines; removes uric acid produced by wines. At all Hotels, Bars and Drug Stores, in splits, pints and quarts.

Local Distributors, **LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited; MICHIE & CO.**



KING EDWARD HOTEL  
TORONTO



WE BEG TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR SELECTION OF XMAS NECKWEAR FOR MEN, (TO ORDER AND IN STOCK), WHICH IS THE BEST WE HAVE EVER SHOWN. NOTHING MORE SUITABLE OR DESIRABLE CAN BE GIVEN TO MEN AS XMAS REMEMBRANCES. FOR QUALITY, BEAUTY, STYLE, FINISH, ETC., OUR NECKWEAR IS STANDARD.

PLACE YOUR ORDER AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE TO ENSURE SELECTION. CAREFUL ATTENTION AND BOXING FOR PRESENTATION.

PRICES \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 EACH.









## Pleated Skirts

Made from your own material in styles strictly up to vogue.  
Knife and accordion pleating promptly executed.  
Careful attention given to each individual order.

**Featherbone Novelty Co.**  
Limited

266-274 KING STREET WEST  
BRANCHES:  
112 Yonge Street, Telephone Main 3503  
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TORONTO

MONTREAL: Room 16, Birk's Bldg.

MODEL NO. 13

## The Success Achieved by Our Coats This Season

is a proof of their merit. For Fit, Style, Finish, Value, they can't be beaten



182—Correct Design Double-Breasted Coat, with slot seams, semi-fitting back, trimmed with velvet collar and cuffs, half-lined with farmer satin Venetian. Made in fancy tweeds or plain black or navy. Range 5 Cloth ..... \$18.00

191—Handsomely Tailored Design, full flare back, 45 in. long, velvet collar and cuffs, trimmed with fine stitching and large pearl buttons, half-lined with finest herring-bone silk. Made in broadcloth, fawns, blue blacks, etc. Range 5 Cloth ..... \$34.00

194—New Mannish Design, Double-Breasted coat, 45 in. long, trimmed with self-strapping and large buttons, velvet collar, lined throughout with farmer satin Venetian. Made in Fancy Scotch tweeds. Range 5 Cloth ..... \$20.00

Illustrated booklet free to Out-of-town customers on request.

**JOHN CATTO & SON,** KING STREET, TORONTO  
Opposite the Post-Office.

## Gifts of Fine Cut Glass

Our Crystal Room is a pleasant and highly convenient place to gather hints for Xmas gift giving. The price-values too enable the saving of many dollars. New and brilliantly cut Berry Bowls, Celery Dishes, Water Bottles, Vases, Bon Bons, Jugs, Cream and Sugars, and other useful Crystal needs are in more variety than ever.

A deposit on any article secures it for Xmas purchasing.

**B. & H. B. KENT**

DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND SILVERSMITHS 144 Yonge Street TORONTO

## YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING

XXXIII.



CAPTAIN G. E. HARDIE,  
123rd (Outram's) Rifles, Stationed at Rajkot, India.

### Social and Personal.

The Vice-regal party arrived on Thursday and leave this evening for the East. His Excellency was the guest of the Canadian Club at dinner on Thursday evening, and last night His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner in honor of their distinguished guests, before going on to St. Andrew's Ball. At half-past one yesterday the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey lunched at McConkey's with over forty of the debutantes of 1906, and the large party thoroughly enjoyed the affair. The horseshoe table was set in the Nile and Rose rooms, and decorated with white and green, and pink carnations, and the guests included the Ladies Grey, Miss Annie Hagarty, Miss Beatrice Proudfoot, Miss Adelaide Moss, Miss Petika Jones, Miss Frou Le-Mesurier, Miss Gladys Boulton, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Mary Jarvis, Miss Phyllis Kingsmill, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Charlotte Gooderham, Miss Ruth Rathbun, Miss Ruth Curry, Miss Florence Bell, Miss Evelyn Henderson, Miss Margaret Haney, Miss Isabel Paton, Miss Grace Maddison, Miss Alberta Greening, Miss Ethelwyn Gibson, Miss Dorothy Graham, Miss Terry Irving, Miss Florence Perry, Miss Edith Clarkson, Miss Marjorie Fellowes, Miss Lillian Crowther, Miss Lois Duggan, Miss Meta Cross, Miss Florence Crawford, Miss Augustine Adams, Miss Gypsey Grasset, Miss Clara Foy, Miss Marjorie Spence, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Violet Moulson, Miss Beatrice Webster, Miss Lena Coady, Miss Marguerite Wedd, Miss Ruth Sherwood, Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Norah Gwynne.

Mr. Rechab Tandy has charge of the programme at the Strolling Players' Club for this afternoon. Dr. Richardson arranged a very enjoyable programme for last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. G. Harley Roberts, with whom I had the pleasure of spending an hour last Thursday, is getting along well in New York, and is likely to be kept very busy during the season. She has fortunately found a cosy pension with Nova Scotian ladies, and has also found how kindly and helpful are New Yorkers if one happens to strike their taste and interest.

Mr. Don Bremner's friends, whose name is legion, are very concerned over his accident, which occurred a few days since at the Parkdale Roller Rink. Mr. Bremner had the misfortune to break his arm, and is *hors de combat* from the gay doings for a time.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock's dance on the 23rd was one of the most, if not, as many avow, quite the most perfectly delightful of the season. There were some two hundred or more guests, the list having grown, as it is bound to do, when so generous and kind a hostess limits it. The usual lavish decoration of flowers banked the mantels and adorned the rooms, and the floors of the drawing and dining rooms and spacious corridor were in prime shape for the dance. Mrs. Mulock received in the library, in a Bruges lace gown over white chiffon and satin, and the guests arrived well on time, for they were largely recruited from the young enthusiasts of their first and second season. The orchestra, stationed at the end of the hall, was equally good in each room, and merry as May-time was the scene above stairs, while in the supper room below, leafy June was reproduced in a most fascinating fashion, the room being so garlanded with leaves, from which tiny rose electric peeped, that everyone was enchanted with the summer-like effect. Supper was served at a small table in dainty perfection, and it was quite "early in the morning" before the happy party said good-night. A number of the debutantes were there, and enjoyed themselves hugely, one quaint small person describing Mrs. Mulock as "the perfect hostess."

Mrs. Frederick Cox is now settled in her new home, 47 Queen's Park, and will receive next Tuesday. Mr. Cox some ago secured the Millicamp homestead in the Queen's Park, and has made very extensive alterations, following the example of his younger brother a little further south in the Park, and now has a very elegant residence.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Macdonald, only daughter of the late Hugh Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald of Wellington place, and Captain Des Voeux, son of Sir George and Lady Des Voeux of Cadogan square, London, England, will take place on December 10.

Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis is giving a dance at McConkey's on the fourteenth of December for her daughter's coming out. Invitations were out for this sure-to-be joyous function early this week.

Mrs. Calderwood gave an exceedingly pleasant tea last Monday for her bright and pretty guest, Mrs. Perks, and on Wednesday gave a bridge party which was very much

enjoyed by six tables of devotees of the game. Mrs. Brydon and Mrs. Walker poured tea and coffee at the tea following the bridge, and among welcome guests was Mrs. Lett of Collingwood, who has been in town for a brief visit, and whom her friends were glad to see looking so well. A few of the guests at the bridge were Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Grafton, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Parrish of Oakville, who are ardent bridge players, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, and Miss Barwick. On Monday Mrs. Graham Thompson and Miss Bessie Macdonald assisted Mrs. Calderwood, one pouring tea and the other coffee. On both occasions the guests admired the many artistic things in Mrs. Calderwood's home, and some of her own exquisite china painting was viewed with appreciation.

Mr. W. H. Brouse and his debutante daughter, Miss Marjorie Brouse, will give an afternoon reception at their home, 63 St. George street, on next Saturday afternoon at half-past four.

The officers and members of the Xi Psi Phi fraternity held their fourth annual At Home in McConkey's ballroom on Wednesday evening at half-past eight. The patronesses of the society with the effervescent name were Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. A. D. A. Mason, Mrs. Snelgrove, Mrs. W. T. Stewart, Mrs. Fred. Mallory, and Mrs. Wallace McLaren, and the stewards were Messrs. G. B. New, R. M. Graham, O. S. Clappison, W. T. Saunders, W. B. Steed, and J. F. Blair, honorary secretary.

Miss Kingsmill gave a tea on Wednesday for Miss Marjorie Fellowes, who received with her, looking very sweet and girlish in her white debutante frock. Miss Kingsmill wore pale blue, with white lace. The suite of rooms at the Kingsmill homestead in Yorkville avenue is spacious and convenient, and the guests passed from one to the other into the dining-room, where a tea-table done in mauve 'mums was in charge of the Misses Kingsmill and a number of girl friends, who looked after the guests admirably. Many of Miss Kingsmill's guests left before they were at all disposed to do so, to get to Mrs. Kay's tea before six, the distance being rather long between the two homes.

Mrs. Arthur Godson of Beatty avenue, Parkdale, will give a large tea next Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Hume Blake Proudfoot, 130 Roxborough street west, is giving a tea for her daughter Beatrice's coming out next Thursday from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Kay gave a large tea on Wednesday, "just because," as a girl said, regretting the lack of a more definite excuse, in the shape of a daughter to bring out, as Miss Helen Kay is still a student in an English school. The hostess received in the drawing-room, looking her best in a lovely gown of cream color with heavy lace. Some of the assistants were Mrs. Turnbull, her sister, and Miss Constance Turnbull of Hamilton, Mrs. Harold Bickford, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Kathleen Gordon and several other pretty girls. There were a great many guests, Mrs. Bickford looking very well in a handsome velvet gown, Mrs. MacMaster in silver grey satin brocade, Miss Hobson of Hamilton, who was also a guest at Miss Kingsmill's tea, in a beautiful white lace gown; Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Miss Begge, who assisted, Mrs. John I. Davidson in a rich black satin striped with black velvet, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Clinch and Miss Gladys Murton of Oshawa, Mrs. Mowat, the Misses Harris, Miss Michie, and scores of others whom space fails to mention. The long vista of artistic rooms, in the addition which Mr. Kay recently made to his home, makes a beautiful lot of space for the usually overcrowded tea, and the guests enjoyed themselves therein on Wednesday. The tea-table was centred with a huge cluster of Beauty roses, and lit with rose shaded candles, while plenty of flowers were in the other rooms. It was a very nice tea.

Mrs. Russell Snow has sent out cards for a tea next Tuesday, December 4.

Miss Garnette Harvey was the hostess of a small tea on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Harvey received with her daughter. The rooms were daintily decked in yellow chrysanthemums and ferns. Miss Charlotte Stout, Miss Abbie Morrison, Miss May Davies, and her two sisters, Mrs. Stapells and Mrs. Dixon, assisted in the tea-room, and in the conservatory adjoining an orchestra contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kingsley are settled in their new home, 46 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Kingsley and her mother, Mrs. Thomas, received on Thursday, November 29, both afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Ross Gooderham is giving a tea at the King Edward this afternoon, and her guests will meet her sister, Mrs. Wright Brown of New York, formerly Kathleen Taylor-Massey, who is now Mrs. Gooderham's guest. The Gooderhams and the Wright Browns went to Europe together recently and had a delightful time. Mrs. Gooderham will receive next Wednesday afternoon in the Suite at the King Edward, and her sister will be with her, but is, I believe, returning to New York next day.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott gave a bridge on Wednesday, hastily gotten up in honor of a visiting friend. The prizes were particularly desirable, and the party most enjoyable.

Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark has sent out invitations to a dance at Government House in December 11 and the debutantes no longer sigh 'twixt hope and despair, as they have been doing, when there was a prospect of no dance there until New Year. The dance on the eleventh is a Cinderella, and the invitations are from nine to one o'clock.

Her Excellency Countess Grey and Mrs. Mortimer Clark attended the Princess on Thursday night. Mr. Irving's engagement has been greatly enjoyed by a large number of smart people.

McMaster University was *en fete* last night—Founder's day—and a large company enjoyed the evening's festivities.

Mrs. Harry W. Gain (*nee* Bryce) will receive for the first time Monday afternoon, December 3, at her home, 95 Woodlawn ave, and after the New Year on the third Monday of each month.



### FANCY COMBS

We extend a cordial invitation to ladies interested in artistic hair ornaments to visit our store and see the very latest effects in fancy combs direct from Paris.

**JAHN & SON**  
73 1/2 King St. West, Toronto

## Convido Port

Just one little province in Portugal grows grapes that make Port Wine fruity, rich, nutritious, tonic. The best of those "Alto Douro" grapes make Convido Port Wine. For surety's sake it's bottled right there where it's made. There's more good in a wine-glass of Convido than in a goblet of most ports. Established 1670

made from good grapes

Warre & Co.  
Oporto Portugal

D. O. ROBLIN of TORONTO

## Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets

## Original Designs

Evening Gowns  
Party Dresses  
Shirt Waist Suits  
Home Costumes

Instructions for self-measurement, samples and styles sent to out-of-town addresses upon request

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56 College St., TORONTO

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Have all the latest New York Novelties in Dinner Favors and After-Dinner Specialties. Special and original designs from patrons will receive careful attention.

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Telephone Main 6721

**George W. Ferrier**  
Prescription Specialist,  
233 COLLEGE STREET  
TORONTO.


**Jessie M. Coons, Osteopath**  
Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, under Dr. A. T. Still, Founder of the Science.

Ladies' and Children's Department OF THE

**TORONTO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY**  
ESTABLISHED 1897

567 SHERBOURNE ST.  
Hours 9.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or by appointment. Phone North 217.





**WALDORF**—Specially liked by stout men—very comfortable. Wear it with Ascot or wide four-in-hand. 2 inches at back, 2½ at front. Ready now in Quarter Sizes.

Irish linen, yet costs only what you'd pay for foreign cotton collars. Sewn so well they'll last till you're tired of them. Buy them from a shop that cares for your trade.

20c. Each Demand the brand 3 for 50c.

## Ellis

Unshrinkable Underwear

Spring Needle Ribbed

the only Underwear made in Canada on the famous Spring Needle Circular Ribbed Machine.

Elastic till worn out.

Every stitch—same length—insures perfect fit and durability. Just ask your dealer.

Union and Two-Piece Suits—for Men and Women.

Free booklet and sample of fabric from The Ellis Manufacturing Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Sole makers in Canada of Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear.



Even the daintiest piece of Sterling Silver or Electro Silver Plate in our salesrooms is cleaned with

## TORSIL CREAM PASTE SILVER POLISH

For sale at your Jeweler's Price 25c per jar.

Sample furnished free on application.

THE... **Toronto Silver Plate Co.**

Manufacturers of LIMITED STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO SILVER PLATE of EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Factories and Salesrooms: 570 King St. West - TORONTO

## O'Keefe's

### Special Extra Mild ALE

is the perfection of the brew master's skill. There is nothing finer in the Old World or the New. And connoisseurs say the imported brands have not the satisfying deliciousness of O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale.

## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robt. B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg. King St. West.  
 Hubert O. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.  
 J. S. Black, 704 Temple Bldg.  
 Mrs. Adalyn H. Pigott, 160 Bloor St. East.  
 George W. A. Cook, 189 College St.  
 Dr. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Bldg.

# Uncle John Writes on the Vanity of Riches

BY HAL

A letter from John P. Bondstock, financier and speculator, written while looking up "good things" in the West, to his nephew, Dick Bondstock, who is at Cobalt "making his pile."

Winnipeg, November 24 1906.

MY DEAR DICK:

Since coming out here I have made what I consider some very fair deals in Western land. As you know, I got my first start in the direction of "making my pile" when I gave up my job as a cub reporter on a Toronto newspaper, and struck for Manitoba, when the first big boom was on, way back in the early eighties. They say I was one of the "wise guys," who sold out just before the crash came, and so made some money, while others went broke. But I don't mind saying to you that as I look back my recollection of the matter is that I merely happened to get cold feet, and pull out at the lucky moment. I have done a good deal of speculating in a good many different places, as you know, since that time. The longer I follow the game the more the fascination of it takes hold on me, or, to get closer to the truth, the longer I keep adding to "my pile" the less I am fitted for any other amusement. So here I am, with my gray hair and my pale smile, rustling around after the "good things" that I had heard were to be picked up out here, instead of doing what at my time of life I should be doing—quietly enjoying myself with my family in my comfortable home in Toronto.

There are plenty of good things in the West, too. I have just returned from my trip through Alberta and Saskatchewan, and I have come to the conclusion that I have heard many worse tips than the one given to me by a man some time before I came out here: "Land in the Canadian West is the best investment in sight." This statement is true, as far as I can see, with certain qualifications. But speculation is as risky here as it is anywhere else. However, this isn't what I sat down to write to you about.

A letter from your father followed me here yesterday, telling me of your good fortune at Cobalt. He tells me you have just sold a claim, or part of a claim, there for \$20,000. He says that you regard this as only a starter on the road to success, and that you hope you are on a fair way to becoming as big a man and making as big a pile some day as your Uncle John. When I read your father's letter I was mightily pleased, you may be sure, and I said right out loud to myself: "Bully for the young rascal; he's a winner all right!" I am also flattered to think that you have come to a certain extent to regard me as a successful man and one whose course is worthy of emulation. It always is flattering to a man past his prime to know that a smart, brisk, clean-minded young fellow like you thinks him something of a paragon. I am proud to know that you think my success, such as it is, is worthy of imitation. But there are times when I doubt it. I doubt it this very evening, and it has struck me that I owe it to you to let you know some of the thoughts that run through my mind at times—thoughts that too often prevent me from being good company for myself. And that is a bad, a serious, condition to fall into.

Have I been successful? You think so. Many people think so. The papers here this morning contain such paragraphs as: "John P. Bondstock, prominent in financial circles in Toronto and Montreal, is in the city, having just returned from a trip through the West. The most successful capitalists in the cent belt are looking more and more to the West as the land of profitable investment, etc."

What is Success? Here in Canada we seem to be getting the idea more strongly fixed in our minds every day that success means to get money—to make your pile. Every day or so some altruistic newspaper editor calls attention to this fact, and points out that we are learning the bad lesson of materialism from the Yankees. So we are. Canada will be another United States in point of business methods if we don't look out. As to this great Western country being "Americanized," there is danger enough of it, but only in a sense that applies to the whole Dominion. The West is in danger of becoming Americanized, not in sentiment, but in business methods. And if the almighty dollar becomes the god of worship in this country, do you know who will be responsible for it, Dick? Old fellows like myself, my boy, I verily believe. I tell you, when I sit down and think about it, I feel that men such as I will have a lot to answer for after a while to young chaps like you. The sort of an example that men of my class are setting never struck me so forcibly as when I heard that you were hustling to follow in my footsteps. The rising generation can scarcely be blamed for setting up as Success what they see old and wise men everywhere worshipping in that fair name. When I was your age I had an ambition. I wanted to make money, but not for the money's own sake. I hadn't then before me the idea of "making a pile." But I wanted to get together some cash so that I could do certain things that I thought were worth doing, certain useful, creditable things. I had ideals. But as years went by, before I knew it, I became a mere money-maker. Many men in this country could tell the same story. Men who have built up fine institutions on sound business principles have in too many cases not been satisfied with conservative, constructive methods, but have, in the mad rush for money, become speculators—have adopted the quickest methods of gaining wealth, and have seemingly set aside every other aim but that of "making a pile."

What I want to impress on you, Dick, is the fact that a pile of money in itself—be it ever so cleverly, even honorably, made—does not constitute success. The trouble is we are all getting to look on success as comparative. If our neighbor makes a big pile, we want to outdo him. We can't beat everybody, and so we are always miserable. And the few fellows, like Rockefeller, who get on the top of the financial bunch, seem to be the most miserable of all. Let me illustrate what I mean by saying it is a mistake to regard success in a comparative sense. A long time ago, when I was a pretty green youth, living in the little home village, I started off to make a trip to Toronto. I remember the day well. It was springtime, and I was feeling buoyant enough. Alighting at a junction, however, where I had to wait for some time, my spirits received a damper. Another young chap, not much older than myself, was strolling up and down the platform. His gait betokened confidence. His eye bespoke worldly knowledge. His whole aspect and demeanor radiated self-assurance. As ever and anon he panned to flick the ash from his cigarette and to regard the prospect indifferently, I felt sorry for the pros-

pect—he made it look so shabby. The sight of this easy-mannered, well-dressed young stranger filled me with chagrin and the feeling that I wasn't getting a square deal in the world. I laid it all on the stranger's top-coat. It was a flash affair, and a new one on me, for I hadn't seen even a commercial traveller in our village with anything like it. No matter what shape he shrugged his shoulders into to express contemptuous disregard of the pleasant pastoral scene, of the mean little station, and of myself sitting quietly by on a baggage truck, that overcoat never lost its shapeliness. Up to that time my aims in life had been vague, my ambitions unformed. Success was abstract, undefined. From that moment I aspired to possess and wear just such an overcoat as the young stranger's. I felt that with the moral support that such a garment would give I could swagger it with anybody. It was one of the bitterest disappointments of my life that when the time came when I was able to go to the city and look for an overcoat of just that kind, I found that the style had "gone out," and that the sort in vogue were dinky short ones, in which it was impossible to cut any figure at all.

My first experience of the emptiness of attainment was followed by others. When I went to Toronto and became a reporter I was at an age to still attach great value to making a good front. But just as I was getting settled in the conviction that I was about as smart a looking fellow as any in town, I began to notice that while I was pretty much up to date in appearance, there were other men going around who had something about their make-up that I hadn't. I observed that these fellows wore the newest of everything in clothes, but in a way that gave the impression that they were not following the styles, but that the styles were following them. I started in to acquire this art, but before I had done so I discovered that any man who really impressed me did so by his face and his personality, and not at all by his clothes. So at last I began to realize that it was better to be somebody than to look like a somebody, and that success means to do something, and not merely to keep going after something that somebody else has.

That youthful ideal to do something and be somebody was good. I tell you frankly, I wish I had followed it to this day. And it is to advise you to do so that I am writing this letter. I have been very wordy in doing it, I am afraid, but my early newspaper habit sometimes takes hold of me even yet.

You have probably never heard me talk like this before, and you may think it strange that I—out here, speculating, piling up dollars that I really don't need—should talk this way now. But, believe me, the advice is worth thinking over. I can only add, like the old preacher I knew, who used to preach his best when he had a bottle in the vestry, "Do as I say, and not as I do."

Your affectionate uncle,  
JOHN P. BONDSTOCK.

### The Yukon Exposition.

The Portland exposition is hardly more than over and the Jamestown exposition is not yet opened, but already there is another one projected. This one is the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, and Seattle is backing the enterprise. The people out there are so enthusiastic about it that they subscribed \$650,000 in a single day to finance the thing. The Washington legislature is expected to give up \$1,000,000 for the same purpose, and may be Congress will be asked to help a little, though there is not so much said about that. It is proposed that the exposition buildings shall be erected on the grounds of Washington University and that they shall be permanent in character and shall ultimately belong to that institution. That latter is about the most commendable idea in connection with an exposition that we have noticed for some time.

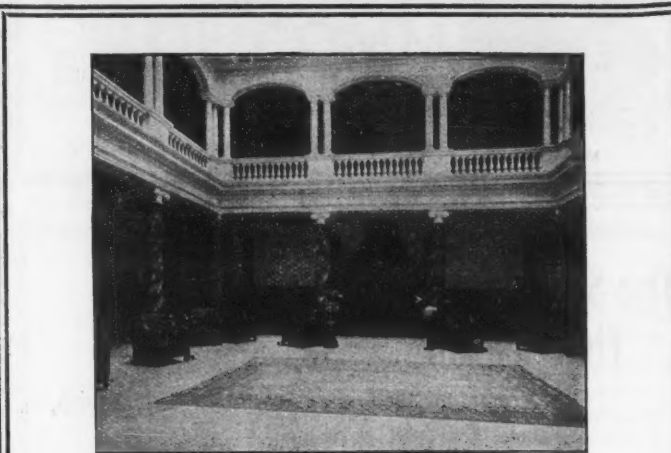
But why could not a more appropriate name be found for this second great show of the Pacific coast? To hold an Alaska-Yukon show away down in Seattle is like going to the butcher's for doughnuts. If it is to be an Alaska and Yukon show let us have the whole thing up along the Yukon somewhere. We'll bet that excursions from the East to Dawson City, with stop-overs along the trail, would be quite as popular as those merely to Seattle. And probably just as many people would go. We have no objection to an exposition at Seattle, only we do not think that Seattle ought to hold a Yukon exposition.

Churchmen of the Diocese of Montreal have decided that the memorial to the late Archbishop Bond shall take the form of a chair of New Testament Literature in the Montreal Diocesan Theological College. To this end a fund of \$50,000 will be raised, and if any sum is received in excess of this it will be devoted to the establishment of "Archbishop Bond Bursaries" to assist deserving candidates for the ministry to take the necessary course of training. There is no doubt that a memorial of this kind is more in keeping with the views of the late primate than any structure of marble or bronze, and it will doubtless be warmly taken up by Churchmen both inside and outside the diocese. Rev. Principal Rexard is the secretary of the committee which has the work in hand.

The man who signs cheques to the greatest value in the United States, and probably in the world, is William J. Gilpin. Every business day his cheques aggregate \$15,000,000. On October 3 last year, by putting his name to a cheque he made the little slip of paper worth \$37,661,685, making it the most valuable piece of paper that had ever been in existence up to that time. The man who signs these cheques is the assistant manager of the New York Clearing House, and the cheques represent the amounts paid every day to the banks that show a balance on the day's clearings.

Alberta, we are told, is soon to have a new and important industry. Largely as a result of the extensive irrigation work being carried on in the vicinity of Calgary, sugar beets are to be grown in that district, and it is expected that before long sugar will be produced there in large quantities. For some time the thrifty Mormons at Cardston, near Fort McLeod, have been growing sugar beets successfully and making sugar in limited quantities. The assurance is given that this industry will in the near future assume large proportions in the West.

Among the recipients of honors on the occasion of King Edward's recent birthday was Henry Norman, M.P., who was knighted. Sir Henry is widely noted as a traveller and author. He founded and edits the World's Work, of London, and in America he is known for the active part he took in the agitation for the preservation of Niagara Falls. He has visited almost every portion of the northern hemisphere.



VIEW OF ROTUNDA

**Rossin House, Toronto** Entirely Remodelled and Refurnished Throughout

RATES (AMERICAN PLAN FROM \$2.50 UP. EUROPEAN PLAN FROM \$1.00 UP.)

Reservations made for Tourists.

A. & A. NELSON, Proprietors

## Crème SIMON

Poudre (Powder) Savon (Soap)

Unrivalled for the preservation of the Skin

THE L. G. SMITH & BROTHERS TYPEWRITER COMPANY.



**This is the Typewriter**

That has made the Largest Record of any machine ever placed on the Canadian market.

**Have You Seen It?**

It will pay you to try one before buying.

It can do more than any other machine made. Please phone, write or call for trial.

**WILL H. NEWSOME, Limited**  
8 ADELAIDE STREET W., TORONTO.  
MONTREAL, HALIFAX, LONDON

The **PATENT "REALM" COLLAR SUPPORT**

FOR SOFT COLLARS ON BLOUSE OR DRESS.

**KEEPS THEM ABSOLUTELY RIGID.**

No Creasing  
No Crumpling up



No Stitching.  
No Whalebone Required.

Adjusted in a Twinkling.  
Comfortable in Wear.

Obtainable at Retail Jewellers for them.

Manufactured in Gold set with Real Stones By

Murrie, Bennett & Co., Ltd.  
13 Charterhouse Street  
London, E. C., England

Wholesale Agent: R. G. HOW, 204 St. James St., Montreal



## Pin Your Faith To This Store

We've every facility for solving your

## Wall Paper

wants, be they great or small. That is, if large assortment, prompt service and good workmanship can do it. Then you're sure of getting the newest effects in Paper and at the right prices.

Come in and judge for yourself.

**The W. J. BOLUS CO.**  
LIMITED,  
245 Yonge St., Toronto.

## For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

## Windsor SALT

is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada—and is the best. Ask for it.

## MASSAGE

Massage, Electricity, Swedish movements and facial massage. Patients treated at their residence if desired.

## MISS HOWELLS

94 Wellesley St. Telephone North 2842



**Temiskaming and Northern Ontario  
Railway Commission**

## TENDERS FOR MINING LEASES

SEALED tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Mining Lease," will be received at the Office of the Commission, 25 Toronto Street, Toronto, up to twelve o'clock noon, on Wednesday, the Nineteenth day of December, 1906, for mining leases for 999 years of the following portions of the right of way of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway:

PARCEL 1.—That portion of the right of way lying between Mileage 90 and Mileage 95.

PARCEL 2.—That portion of the right of way lying between Mileage 95 and the southerly limit of the lands described in the lease from the Commission to the Right of Way Mining Company, Limited, being Mileage 101.

PARCEL 3.—That portion of the right of way lying between the northerly limit of the lands mentioned in the said lease to the Right of Way Mining Company, Limited, being Mileage 105 to Mileage 108.

An accepted cheque on a chartered Bank of Canada, payable to the order of the Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, for the amount of the cash bonus (which must not be less than \$1,000 per mile), tendered for such lease, must accompany each tender.

Forms of tender and of proposed leases (reserving a rental of \$1 per annum, plus 25 per cent. of the gross value at the mouth of the mine of all ore mined), and full information and plans showing location in respect of each parcel, may be examined at the said Toronto Office of the Commission.

The tenders must be made on the forms supplied by the Commission for the purpose, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering.

In the case of each parcel, the party whose tender is accepted will be required to promptly execute a lease in form satisfactory to the Commission; failing which his deposit will be absolutely forfeited to the Commission.

The cheques sent in by unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them.

The Commission does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

H. W. PHARSON,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 16th November, 1906.

Papers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for same.

## THE NAME

**COSGRAVE**

## SIGNIFIES

**SUPERB ALE  
INVIGORATING PORTER  
DELICIOUS  
HALF-AND-HALF**

**Cosgrave Brewery Co.**  
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO  
And of all License Holders.  
Telephone—Park 140.

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

Salesmen Have to Meet and Deal With all Sorts and Conditions of Men...

TWO prominent commercial travellers were standing in the rotunda of the King Edward Hotel the other day, when one of them remarked that he must be moving.

"I've got a mighty disagreeable job on my hands this afternoon, and I might as well get it over and done with," he observed.

"What is it?" enquired the other.

"I've got to solicit an order from —," he replied, "and I'd cheerfully pay five dollars this minute to get out of it. He gives me dirt every time I go near him."

"He treats us all alike. He's the meanest man in Canada to sell to," added the other. "And, hang it all, he used to be on the road himself. He knows how he liked decent treatment."

"He's the limit—but anyway, I've got to go and take my medicine. I've another call to make on another kind of man altogether, B—. He knows how to treat a fellow."

"Say, isn't he one of the whitest men! Do you know I never got an order out of him yet, but, sir, he can turn me down so soft and easy that I go away glad. He's white clean through. I tell you what, ours is a business that brings a man's real colors out of him."

So talking the two commercial travellers left me and separated. What a difference there is in the men that travelling salesmen meet. The quiet man who talks straight business and regards the salesman as a convenience—the peevish fellow, who has to be humored all the time—the bully who knows it all—the dodger who tries to escape fearing that he will buy goods he doesn't need. One man will be pleasant with the traveller; another will treat him as if he were a ragged beggar seeking alms. It is one of the greatest mistakes a business man makes, for he acquires a reputation that does him no good.

A salesman called on a Toronto business man not long ago and found him alone in his office reading a newspaper. He glanced up, scowled, and grunted: "Well."

"I would like to speak with you for a moment, if you have time."

The man went on reading, but as the caller said nothing, he presently looked up impatiently and demanded to know what he wanted.

"If you are busy I can call again."

The other dashed his newspaper on the floor and swung on the caller. "Confound it! I have no time to waste on you. I don't want to buy your stuff—I don't want it, don't want it."

"Very well," said the caller. "I'll not trouble you again. Later on, should one of your travellers call on me, you'll expect me, of course, to treat him as near as possible as you've treated me."

Now that caller wasn't a highwayman—he wasn't a faker. He was selling goods daily to sensible men, and he was attending to his legitimate business when he made that call. The man in the office did not need to buy, but he made a mistake when he acted like a boor, for through one man he offended several persons. The wise man will not needlessly send anybody away sore from the door of the shop where he wants people to come to do business. Some of the biggest men in Toronto are the most urbane. It is a well-known fact that you can get more civility from the general manager than from the junior clerk. Some of the busiest men in Toronto are never so rushed but they have time to be courteous. The man who is too busy to be civil, is a bad manager of his time, for no matter where a man is placed in life, almost the most important of all considerations is the light in which he stands to the public.

Lieutenant-Colonel Belcher of Southampton was for many years a commercial traveller, and the other day I came across a little book published by him back in 1883, entitled "What I know About Commercial Travelling." It is an interesting little volume, and contains much sage advice for young drummers and quite a few interesting experiences. He relates some rollicking incidents of a quarter of a century ago. Here is one of an eccentric traveller.

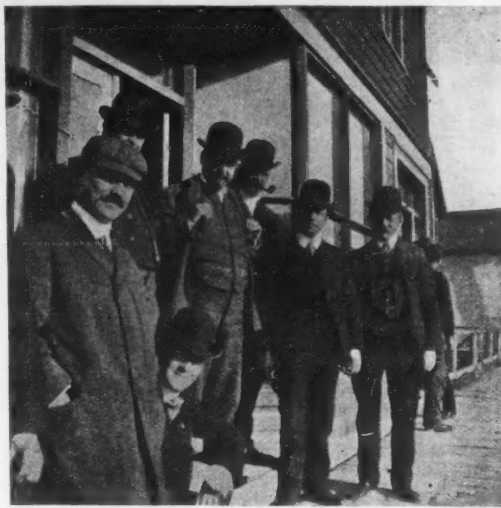
There are travellers whom we would judge by their eccentric actions to have missed their profession. There is a well-known Irishman, Mr. D., who, upon one of his journeys, found a certain hotel full, and was forced to occupy a double-bedded room with Mr. H., of Simcoe. This he decidedly objected to, and his mind was busy concocting a scheme by which he could have the room to himself, and teach the hotel people not to put any one in the same bedroom with him again. So he said to the clerk:

"Mr. H. had better not sleep with me. I am very much given to doing strange things in the night, making rows, queer noises, and uttering strange cries."

"Well, sir, Mr. H. must sleep in your room, nevertheless."

Mr. H. did so, and was allowed to have one hour's clear rest before he retired. Our hero let midnight pass, and then when he heard that Mr. H. was lightly sleeping, he rose up in bed and muttered, like a maniac, with a husky voice and closed teeth: "Ha! ha! what's the use of living? No money, no orders, nothing. Let me die! What is life! Bah! it is a farce. What is it worth? Not a rap. Let me have done with it. Ha! ha! what is that blue glass that I see by the moon's rays? A razor! a razor! Let me clutch it. There's a passport from earth to hell. There are no travellers there—no employers there—no customers there." He arose from his bed, and the affrighted H. almost ceased to breathe, and his hair stood on end like "quills on the fretful porcupine." Watching his every movement, D. went to the dresser, took up the razor, forcibly pressed it over the strop, and muttered with low and fearful distinctness: "I know what I'll do, cut that poor beggar's throat, that fool in the bed, and then cut my own. Bah! of what consequence is that miserable wretch's existence to him. The world can do without him."

Apparently that "miserable wretch" was of quite another opinion, and proved it by stealing out of bed and gliding to the door, opened it, and bolted along the hall with the speed of the wind. D. dropped the razor, and all intentions of severing his wind-pipe, and his connection with things earthly. Quietly locking the door, he retired to bed with the firm belief that his Simcoe friend would not trouble him any more that night. Meanwhile H. sped to the landlord's room and made known to the half sleeping host that Mr. D. was a madman—"going to cut his throat



Group of well-known Toronto Travellers Storm-Bound at Gore Bay.

—my throat and his own—frightened for my life—had to run—cut his throat by this time—oh, lord!" said H., as his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked together. The landlord, knowing D., suspected how it was, but humoring H., returned to the double-bedded room, yet profound silence reigned within.

"There, I told you," said H., "no doubt he's done it now—not a sound to be heard. Ugh, I think I see that gleaming razor even this very moment."

"Well, it's no use bothering now if he's done it, we must wait until morning, and then send for the police," said the host.

H. had to locate himself on the sofa the remainder of that sensational night. D. slept the sleep of the just and ingenious. In the morning the landlord insisted that D. must have committed suicide, but he saw through the joke when D. said, "in future please give me a room to myself."

\*\*\*

It is related of another eccentric commercial, that he had the honor of representing a firm that manufactured beer, and that going out on a certain journey, his employers say, "Belden you are going to —. This journey you must get that money from old Anderson; he has had too much credit already. You know we must get it!"

"All right, then, I won't come away without it."

Belden in due course reached —, and as he drove up, put up at Anderson's for two days. At the end of the second day Belden disturbed the innkeeper in his devotion to the shrine of Sir Walter Raleigh. Boniface was puffing away philosophically when Belden advanced, bill in hand.

"Guvener says, we must have this money, Mr. Anderson."

"Must have it, eh! Tell him he can't get it at present."

"But I am determined to have it."

"Then if you mean to get it you may whistle for it."

Belden no sooner heard the instruction than he proceeded to put it into practice. He was a very good whistler it so happened, and mounting a block of stone outside the hotel, stuck his hands in his pockets and commenced whistling a series of airs, "Nancy Lee," "Pinafore," etc., which attracted around him a crowd of admiring listeners. Speculation was rife as to who the well-dressed mendicant who worked hard for his living could be, and many pitied him.

"Beg pardon, sur, I be a poor man sur, but I be mighty sorry to see you come down like this 'ere, and if so be sur as you'll accept these two or three coppers, you're kindly welcome for sure!"

"My friend, are you married?" said Belden, stopping his performance for a minute.

"Ese, sur, I've got a good wife un foine little uns, sur."

"Then keep your coppers, keep your coppers, my friend, you'll need them all."

"Well, sur, no offence I hope, sur. I ax yer parding sur."

"All right, my friend, no offence," said B., "only don't interrupt my concert any more," as he resumed his musical rehearsal. The crowd swelled to enormous numbers, interrupting the regular traffic. Presently one of the magistrates of the town approached the scene and viewed this interference with vehicular progress frowningly. The magistrate, addressing one of the crowd, said, "Good people, what is all this row about; what does it mean?"

"I can't say for sure, sur. He want accept no coppers, sur."

"Excuse me, sir, one moment please, why do you go on in this irregular way?"

"Do you particularly want to know?"

"I do, and moreover I must know. I am a magistrate and cannot allow you to block the road up by collecting such a crowd."

"Well, sir, the man inside there owes me fifty dollars for beer. He says, 'If I want the money for that I may whistle for it.' By George, I shall go on doing so for the next twenty years unless he forks it over."

"Make way good people until I see the refractory debtor." Forcing his way to where Anderson was, he stated the case, narrating what was going on outside, and then said: "The fellow is spoiling your credit, you see, and advertising the fact that you won't pay him to all the town, and if you don't pay him he'll go on whistling to the crack of doom to all appearances, the man seems to be made of bellows and pipes—it won't do, you know." The astonished Boniface at once went for his keys, and soon got the money. After receiving which B. descended from his pedestal.

Next morning as the beer traveller was driving off, Anderson said, "I say, Belden, you have not paid me my bill yet. I want my money."

Belden replied, "you may do as you told me to do for mine, whistle for it."

"Fingy" Connors, of Buffalo, who was nominal chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, had no illusions concerning his position. He said: "This ain't no campaign. It's a Punch and Judy show and I'm Judy."

## Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

APOLLINARIS is a digestant, mildly stimulating the acid secretions of the stomach.

APOLLINARIS should be the habitual beverage of those suffering from chronic gout, rheumatism, or excessive uric acid.

## Cobalt Bloom

Is a beautiful bloom or pink color on the surface of the rock. This bloom denotes much wealth beneath the surface.

So with the bloom you wear after taking one of Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths. Underneath that bloom is a regulated and invigorated system which means more than wealth—

## "Good Health"

Such a bloom can only be had at Cook's. Open day and night.

**COOK'S TURKISH BATHS**  
202-204 King Street West, TORONTO

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Chartered by Dominion Parliament.

## A NEW CANADIAN RECORD.

31st October	Capital Paid-up	Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	Sovereign Bank Notes in Circulation	Deposits	Excess of Assets over Liabilities to the Public
1902	\$1,178,478	\$ 240,000	\$ 759,995	\$1,681,730	\$1,413,478
1903	1,300,000	262,828	1,237,630	4,309,432	1,662,838
1904	1,300,000	420,373	1,284,810	7,196,741	1,720,375
1905	1,610,478	523,461	1,550,790	10,134,209	2,133,939
1906	3,942,710	1,335,847	2,850,675	15,578,920	5,278,567

31st October	Cash on Hand and at Bankers	Bonds, Debentures, etc.	Loans at Call	Commercial Loans and Discounts	Total Assets
1902	\$ 383,097	\$ 439,363	\$1,630,199	\$1,258,469	\$3,555,233
1903	622,774	715,397	1,747,342	4,074,048	7,209,920
1904	1,214,822	672,034	1,179,540	7,014,123	10,201,554
1905	1,491,308	791,153	1,566,144	9,578,850	13,318,938
1906	3,916,842	1,612,851	4,614,067	14,640,510	25,344,401

Savings Department at all Offices Deposits of \$1.00 and Upwards Received. Interest Paid Four Times a Year.

## CANADIAN ARTISTS' SKETCH EXHIBITION

Under the auspices of THE GRAPHIC ARTS CLUB,

King Edward Hotel,

December 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Subscribers' Day - Wednesday - December 5th.



## THE VALUE OF LIGHT

It is well nigh impossible to over-estimate the importance of electricity in its relation to the development of art in our every-day environment.

Those who realize this, wisely take full advantage of the possibilities of electric lighting, by utilizing the most artistic arrangements for the shedding of the light furnished by the incandescent bulb. In other words, the man who knows what artistic lighting means takes pains to select artistic fixtures.

Of these, we have a large assortment, including many unique designs and some especially beautiful ideas in the more moderate priced lines.

**Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited**  
12 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO



## Lady Gay in New York

The Horse Show and the People

If you are ever in the New York Central Station, at 42nd street, Gotham, and have half an hour to spare to enjoy a monologue which never had its equal, take yourself to the pay telephone station, where a plump and pretty lady, with her head clamped in the harness of the "Hello girl," sits behind a little table and discourses to the spirits on the wire. You are one of a line of angry, impatient or delighted beings awaiting her pleasure, and she never raises her eyes to your face, as, in a vindictive monotone, she talks something like this: "Hello! Hello! Hello! 1780, John, Hello! Hello! Number three for you (and a man slips into a glass box smiling). Hello! Hello! What's that? You don't, don't you? Well get off the wire, you sassy thing. Now! Hello! Hello!—what number? 5022 Columbus—Hello! Hello! What's the matter with you?—Number four; please the Lord you're done; change—(and still in the same fashion of an automaton, she hands someone in the distance change for a quarter) What's that? Get your number in the directory—how do I know where the Bank of India is? Hello! Hello—no; you'll just wait and cool yourself—Hello! Hello! my land, who'd want this job! Hello! Hello! can't you kindly wake up and get that line? Hello—yes; hello, no, hello; well, others live in this town besides you! Hello, hello! there's nothing wrong, guess you've had a hypodermic! Hello, hello! change—(and her hand goes out again with some nickels). Hello! Hello! and I don't want any more of your sass, please; you're off for an hour. Hello, hello! if there's any worse place than this, I hope you go there! Hello, hello! 156 Madison Square—number nine, please. Say, has that man died in the box? Hello-hello; yes—hello—no, hello-hello!—and then my number came, and she looked at me, and a flash came from her pretty eyes, and she said something which I am not going to tell; you may guess whether it was pleasant or the reverse. But she's a real vaudeville, that girl, in the pay telephone booth at 42nd street, and the faintly tinted young man who sits beside her and does things to pegs gets all the fun out of life that he wants.

For old times' sake, and because I had my duty to do in seeing things, I went to the Horse Show, more than ever a clothes-horse show, for the promenaders can't see the ring, and the boxes don't often take enough interest in it to look into their catalogues. The free seats in the first balcony are the best places to view the whole affair, but the promenade is the place to catch some varied impressions. As we strolled, he who walked beside softly whispered hurried information about the beautiful women and their escorts in the circle of fashion in the boxes—this was one of the old Knickerbocker stock, a handsome dame, that was a Spaniard, in the gold-lace gown, equally at home in the saddle—her horses were now in the ring, and she coveted the blue ribbon. Here was a box before which a crush elbow and talked, saying loudly the name of its supposed occupant, while the real woman, a well-known actress, hardened her eyes and mouth and stared into vacancy. Here was a group of women in mourning, smart and conspicuously black in that sea of soft tints and waving plumes, for never was the proverb, "Fine feathers make fine birds" more forcibly brought to mind. The plumes which nodded and fluttered and waved at the Horse Show of 1906 discounted anything since the "fifties." Here was a broad green velvet Gainsboro', with nine green feathers, long, soft, waving on one side; there a buttercup satin hat, with as many yellow and fawn plumes springing like a parsnip plant, in all directions over a sparkling brunette face with bright, black eyes. The actress wore a small square of cut jet on one side of her marcel pomp, and on one corner of it sat a little bird of paradise with a feathery osprey tail a foot long, floating like a white spray in the air. Near the mourning box, which was a bit on the nerves, were two women, also in black, with very broad, shallow hats, and cavalier plumes thereon, the exquisite faces, oval, and richly Southern, with charming, graceful set of head and lithe, long arms and limbs, the well-bred, smiling converse they held together, the utter indifference to the mob, who gazed and criticized in the open and hearty way of the bourgeoisie, stamped these women with a great charm and quality. There were old women who looked as if their faces had just emerged from a lemon-squeezer, and young matrons, whose gastronomic feats had given their cheeks a flush and their eyelids a droop, and these creatures who seemed spilling over the boxes,

and large-eyed, olive-tinted Jewesses, in the extremes of beauty and ugliness, and girls, a very few girls, pert, laughing, stupid, sharp, looking somehow horribly cheapened, under the criticisms of the canaille, who nosed into catalogues to find out the names of the more striking parties. "Wot is de name of dot one?" demanded a big German of her small escort. "Vell, you tell me de number of de box, please." "And how can I dot, when she sits over it?" cried the German woman, craning her head, and pushing aside some other who, alike curious, cried peaceably—"Vait a leedle, und maybe she vill move herself!" A trim little French woman and her "cher ami" slipped deftly through the crush; they were small and agile, dodging the elbow of the big frau and apologizing for knocking the little man's catalogue from his pudgy hand, and their comments made in breathless gasps were too funny for words. The little woman, trudging, dodging, squeaking in amazement at some unusually awful hat or gown, her "cher ami," dapper to his tiny patent leather shoe-tips, both perfectly garbed, and both on the qui vive of delight and interest in "ces Americaines," but oblivious to the existence of anything Hebraic flitting past several boxes, silent, and with eyes carefully averted. And he who walked beside was at that moment humming an old revival hymn (while the band away up in the roof played the tunes that Adam and Eve danced to), and while he hummed the words came back to me, and I looked again in those boxes and realized that a "new Jerusalem" had indeed "come down" and "glory shone around." The money of the new Jerusalem is in the strong boxes of the faithful, and the women of the faithful occupy the best boxes in the Horse Show, and there you are!

Just to "get back to our muttons," we went to the lovely new Amsterdam Theatre to see Forbes Robertson play an elderly Caesar after the lines of Bernard Shaw. It was a relief, but you must keep your eyes and ears open to get all the good of it. The whole thing is delightfully uncertain; one moment, the exquisite stage settings and the eloquent poetry lures one into the halo of the far period and the mystery of the land of the Pharaohs; the next, one is brought down with a bang to the most atrocious foolishness of the comic opera of to-day. The second scene, where the stage is void, save for the great wonder, the Sphinx, who sits inscrutable in the midst of an expanse of silver sand, while the moon, rising, throws her black shadow, and shows the little girl Cleopatra sleeping in a blue gauze gown and veil, between the monster's great stone paws, is one that will never be forgotten; also Caesar's appeal to the mystery, suddenly reduced to absurdity by the call of the awakened Cleopatra, "Old gentleman, kind old gentleman, save me from the Romans, who will eat me if they catch me." It is Bernard Shaw, who so plays with his audiences as none other has ever dared do!

LADY GAY.

Reduced.

Within a window were displayed Some waists most wonderfully made; But yet they seemed far out of reach, For they were marked six dollars each. And many a shopper sauntering by Looked on them with a longing eye And said, "Alas, my scanty hoard! Six-dollar waists I can't afford!" But soon did favoring Fortune smile; Those same waists in a tumbled pile Upon a bargain table lay, And oh! the crowd that came that day! They jostled, shoved and e'en pulled hair That each a trophy home might bear; The reason one can plainly state— These waists were marked "Five-Ninety-eight!" —Elsie Duncan Yale, in "New Idea."

Merely a Masterpiece.

A MAN who wanted to lecture called at a bureau presided over by two managers. He aroused their interest with a lecturer's art, says the Lyceumite, but unfortunately the senior member was just starting on a trip and would not return for at least a month. The senior partner called the young man to one side and exacted a solemn promise that he would not visit another bureau nor read his lecture to anybody until after he had given this particular manager a reading and a chance to make him an offer a month hence. The interest of the junior member, however, was at white heat, and he kept sending for the young lecturer, insisting that he come down to the office and read his lecture. The young man refused with as much tact

as possible, but this only increased the anxiety of the junior.

At last the young man told of the promise made the senior partner. Instead of quieting the junior manager, the announcement made him only the more anxious, and finally the young man consented.

The reading ended, the junior partner said:

"Now, your doing this has saved us all much valuable time. I'll tell you frankly, my boy, it won't do. There's no message in it, it is loosely constructed, the diction is poor. It won't do. Burn it and try again."

When the senior partner returned, he called up the young lecturer and soundly rated him for breaking faith: "How do I know you have not been to every bureau in town? You promised me on your honor you would read the lecture to nobody—not even to my partner."

The young man protested that he had not done so.

"Why!" exclaimed the senior manager, "of course you have. He tells me that you came down here to the office two weeks ago and read him the entire lecture, and that he told you it was no good!"

"Yes," replied the young man, "after much persuasion I did read him a lecture which he told me was no good, but it was not my lecture, it was Wendell Phillips' 'Lost Arts'!"

### The Classic Limerick.

It has been said by ignorant and undiscerning would-be critics that the limerick is not among the classic and best forms of poetry, and, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is not poetry at all.

A brief consideration of its claims to pre-eminence among recognized forms of verse will soon convince any intelligent reader of its superlative worth and beauty.

At a proof of this let us consider the following limerick, which in the opinion of connoisseurs is the best one ever written:

There was a young lady of Niger,  
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;  
They came back from the ride  
With the lady inside,  
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

If Austin Dobson had chosen to throw off the thing in triolet form:

She went for a ride,  
That young lady of Niger;  
Her smile was quite wide  
As she went for a ride;  
But she came back inside,  
With the smile on the tiger!  
She went for a ride,  
That young lady of Niger.

Rosetti, with his inability to refrain from refrains, might have turned out something like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair,  
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)  
Who smiled 'neath tangles of her hair,  
As her steed began his steady lope.  
(You like this style, I hope!)

On and on they sped and on,  
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)  
On and on and on and on;  
(You see I've not much scope.)

E'en ere they loped the second mile,  
The tiger 'gan his mouth to ope;  
Anon he halted for awhile;  
Then went on with a pleasant smile,  
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)  
—Harper's Magazine.

"That was a bright thing your boy said yesterday. Did you tell Blimkins?"  
"Nope."  
"Why not?"  
"Blimkins has two boys of his own."  
—Cleveland Press.

A claim for damages against a railroad company is so often a license for exorbitant charges that a simple bill, such as was received by an American railroad company many years ago, even apart from its humorous aspect, is refreshing. It ran as follows:

The — and — Railroad Company,  
To John Smith Dr.  
July 19, 1837—To running your locomotive into my wife; as per doctor's bill for curing her .....\$10 00  
To smashing hand-box and spilling her hat ..... 3 87  
To upsetting my deer born (wagon) and breaking it .. 35 00  
To hurting me ..... 5 00  
\$53 87

There is authority for stating that the claim was paid immediately.—Scrap Book.

The collection of water-colors by G. Bruenech, A.R.C.A., on exhibition at the music rooms of The R. S. Williams & Sons Company, 143 Yonge street, is creating a great deal of interest. The subjects have been specially selected with a view of making this a Christmas exhibition. The prices are very moderate, and anyone wishing to secure an attractive water-color for a Christmas present should avail himself of this opportunity.

KAY'S

Famous for Fine Furnishings

KAY'S

## IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

If you wish to please your friends with gifts that will show thoughtful study of their individual tastes it is high time to begin the work of selection. An hour or two devoted to looking over the array of beautiful, useful and artistic things included in our Christmas stock will be profitably spent. Our assortments are so varied and embrace so many lines exclusive with us that your difficulties in deciding on what to give this person or that are likely to vanish before you leave the store. Read this list, it will serve as a partial index to our Xmas offerings and may prove helpfully suggestive.

### Fancy Furniture

Palm stands from .....\$3.50  
Palm stands, inlaid, from \$8.00  
Palm stands, Moorish, from 7.50  
Cluta Rush Tea Tables from ..... \$3.50  
Inlaid Mahogany Tea Tables from ..... \$11.50  
Tea Trays in fine Mahogany from ..... \$9.00  
Chinese Carved Stands with marble tops ..... \$8.50  
Chinese Arm Chairs richly carved ..... \$12.50  
Chests in Carved Oak very handsome from ..... \$18.50  
Curate Cake Stands in Mahogany ..... \$8.50  
Pedestals in Oak and Mahogany from ..... \$7.50  
Bric-a-Brac Cabinets in Mahogany from... \$18.50  
Fancy Tables nested in sets of four decorated with hand painted panels ..... \$30.00  
Children's Reed Rocking Chairs from..... \$2.85  
Cluta Green Rush stools ..... \$4.75  
Hall Lamp stands, Hall Lamps (hanging), Drawing-room Suites, Drawing-room Chairs, Reception Chairs, Easy Chairs in Leather, and Cluta Rush Chairs.



No. 567—Centre Table.  
A choice example of the Louis XV. style, produced in select Mahogany. Top measures 24 x 31 inches. Height 29 1/2 inches.  
Price \$39.00

### Fine Furniture

Cluta Green Rush Palm stands from ..... \$1.50  
Willow Arm Chairs... \$6.50  
Magazine stands from... \$6.50  
Dressing Tables in dainty designs from ..... \$23.00  
Dressing Table Chairs in Mahogany and Maple from ..... \$5.00  
Cheval Mirrors from... \$25.00  
Toilet Trees from..... \$6.00  
Brass Bedsteads from... \$19.00  
Piano Seats in Mahogany from ..... \$15.00  
Writing Tables in Mahogany from ..... \$17.00  
Palm Stands (high) from ..... \$5.00  
Pedestals in Oak and Mahogany from ..... \$16.50  
Centre Tables from..... \$10.00  
Morris Chairs in great variety, Mission Arm Chairs, Grandfather Clocks.  
Fancy Parlor Chairs, Fancy Rocking Chairs, Gilded Fancy Chairs from ..... \$6.00  
Gilded Corner Chairs at..... \$6.50  
Leather Covered Lounges, Reed and Rattan Chairs.

## Bric-a-Brac, Brassware, Etc.

### Belgian Pottery

50c. to \$4.00  
Jars, Vases, Jardinières, Fern Pots, Water Jugs, Plaques, etc., in Art shades of blue, green, yellow, etc.

### Claremont Ware

\$1.25 to \$10.50  
A beautiful species of English Pottery in soft shades of green and blue with touches of red decorated with quaint suggestions of fungus growths. Included are Jardinières, Vases, Flower bowls, Fern dishes, etc., in great variety of shape and size.

### Dresden, Lowestoft and Royal Nymphenberg

In these famous makes we show a variety of dainty ornaments, decorated with paintings. Included are Patch and Powder boxes, Vases, Rose Jars, Fern pots, Jewel boxes, Candlesticks.

### Amphora Ware

\$2.00 to \$20.00  
A richly decorated species of pottery, in which we show some beautiful designs—Vases, Fern Bowls, etc.—in a variety of sizes.

Flaminian Ware \$1.25 to \$7.00  
Jardinières, Biscuit Jars, Vases, Rose bowls, Flower tubes, Candlesticks, etc., in a multitude of pretty designs.

### Inlaid Crystal

\$2.25 to \$25.00  
Vases, Fern bowls, Pin trays, Bottles, Rose tubes, etc., of semi-opaque crystal in exquisite shades of pale green, pink, and grey with etchings in relief of flowers and foliage produced in natural colors.

### German Pottery

\$1.50 to \$3.00  
Vases, Candlesticks, Fern Boxes, etc., in a host of quaint and graceful designs.

### Pewter Ware

\$1.75 to \$30.00  
A collection of chaste and beautiful things, in solid pewter, such as Candlesticks, Candelabra, Jugs, Vases, Fruit dishes, Flower tubes, Tea and Coffee Sets, etc.

### Pompadour Notions

A collection of small articles of furniture such as Boxes, Chests of Drawers, Miniature frames, Music holders, etc., entirely covered with fine brocade ornamented with bullion cord, etc., from ..... \$3.00.

### Brass and Copper Ware

Embossed Brass Plaques in a variety of sizes .. \$1.00 to 10.00.  
Benares Trays \$8.50 and 12.00.  
Brass Ferniers from .... \$4.00.  
Poonah Brass Bowls from .. \$2.50  
Copper Bowls and Jars .. \$5.00.  
Brass Coal Hods .....\$18.50  
Fire Set Holders from ...\$12.50

We give our careful personal attention to mail orders and enquiries. A copy of our new catalogue will prove a useful guide in the selection of Christmas gifts. Write for a copy to-day.

# John Kay, Son & Co.

LIMITED

36 and 38 King St. West,

TORONTO



KENTIA PALM

## Xmas Decorations

Holly, Mistletoe, Bouquet Green, Etc.

Christmas Bells—Made of red tissue paper. Very attractive, in three sizes, each 10c., 15c. and 25c.

Nothing nicer for a Xmas present than a nice palm. We have them from \$1.00 up to \$5.00 each—bargains.

Holly—With nice green leaves and plenty of red berries, per lb. 25c.; 5 lbs. for \$1.00; case lots, \$6.50.

Mistletoe—Best English, in boxes, 30c. and 50c.

Bouquet Green Wreathing—25 yards for \$1.00; 50 yards for \$1.90; by express at purchaser's expense.

Pampas Plumes—In assorted colors, 4 for 50c.

Tissue-Paper Wreathing—In all colors, \$3.00 per 100 yards.

Colored Banners—10 feet long, in words Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, 75c. each.

### Christmas Trees

Nice, bushy ones, at all prices, to suit everyone.

Rubber plants, Sword Ferns, Azaleas, etc., etc.

## THE STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED

Phone Main 1982.

130-132 KING STREET EAST



# XMAS GREETING JULIAN SALE

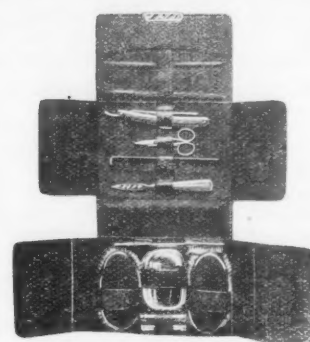


## THE BEAUTIFUL JULIAN SALE CATALOGUE

Shows Fine Illustrations of

Trunks,  
Travelling Bags,  
Suit Cases,  
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Dressing Bags,  
Hat Boxes,  
Bill Books,  
Card Cases,  
Pocketbooks,  
Safety Pockets,  
Jewel Cases,  
Writing Cases,  
Glove and Handkerchief Cases,  
Hand Bags,  
Flasks,  
Drinking Cups,  
Collar and Cuff Cases,  
Brushes and Mirrors,  
Watch Wristlets,  
Music Holders, etc., etc.

Express Paid in Ontario and Quebec.



### DRESSING CASES

We have made more than double the styles of any previous year.

\$2 to 20



### CRUSH COLLAR CASES

\$1.00 to 2.25

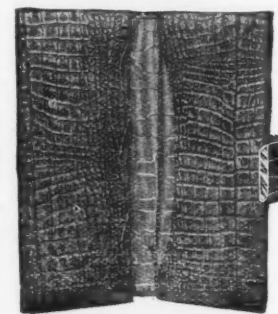
Also the Flat and Roll-up, and all kinds of Cuff Boxes.



### WRITING FOLIOS

in Velvet, Alligator, Seal, Morocco, in all colors.

\$2.50 to \$15



### GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF CASES

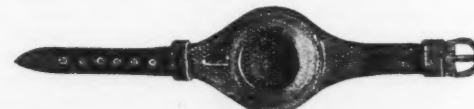
One of the best-selling articles in leather this year, made from the beautiful Velvet Alligator, in six styles.



### MUFF PURSES

with handle at back.

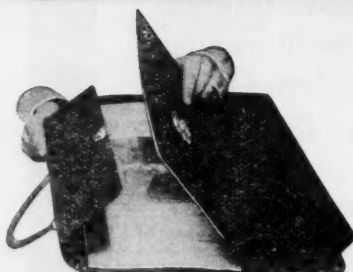
\$1 to 7



### WATCH WRISTLETS

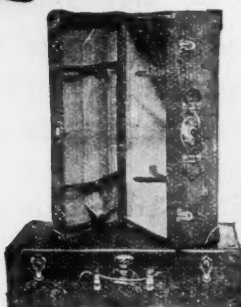
in all sizes.

50c. to \$1.50



### MUSIC HOLDERS

Folding Style ..... \$2.00 to \$8.00  
Bag shape ..... 1.00 to 5.00  
Rolls ..... 50c to 2.50



### SUIT CASES

Some people imagine the use of Suit Cases is on the wane. This is not so. We are making more than we ever did.

\$4 to 28



### LADIES' DRESSING BAGS

All our Bags have the best fittings and only those that are really necessary when travelling.

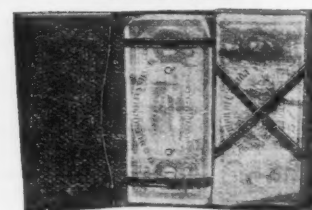
\$15 to 75



### JEWEL CASES

\$2 to 15

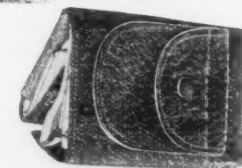
STICK PIN CASES  
\$1.50 to 4



### BILL BOOKS

in about twenty qualities

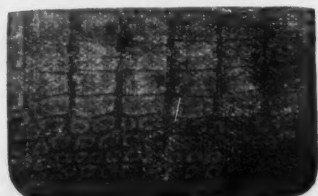
\$1 to 7



### BILL FOLDS

in every style.

50c. to \$2.50



### CARD CASES

in plain and fancy leathers; some of them with beautiful mountings.

\$1 to 5.



### PHOTO FRAMES

in all the fine leathers for house use.

50c. to \$3.50

PHOTO FRAMES FOR TRAVELLING  
in great variety.  
35c. to \$6.00



### TRAY COIN PURSES

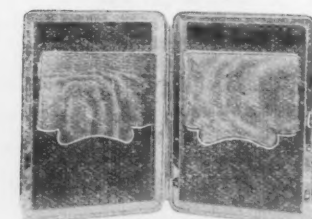
in Pig, Morocco Seal and Russia. Four sizes in each.

50c. to \$1.25



### HAND BAGS

in this year's new deep style, at all prices.



### CIGAR CASES

50c. to \$7.00

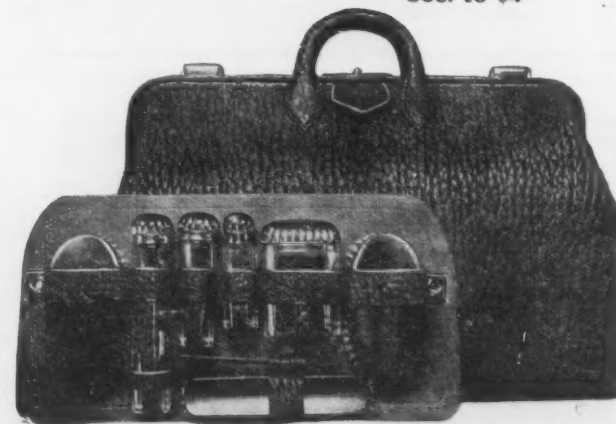
CIGARETTE CASES  
50c. to \$4



### TRAVELLING BAGS

Smart styles and perfect leathers are the two reasons of the popularity of "Julian Sale" Bags. A guarantee as to quality of leather is inside of every bag.

**Julian Sale**  
Leather Goods Co., Limited  
**105 King St. West**  
Street Cars Stop at the Door.



### DRESSING BAGS FOR MEN

Made in our popular Double-handled Bag, in Natural Grain Leather \$22 to \$39, in Real Sea Lion \$32 to \$41.





## SPORTING COMMENT

THE 'Varsity-McGill final was a big disappointment to those who went to 'Varsity Field last Saturday expecting to see something worth while. There was excitement enough; that is inseparable from a final, but the real genuine blown-in-the-bottle brand of football showed itself only at long intervals as a sample of what might have been and wasn't. The few dashing and brainy stunts that were pulled off were insufficient to relieve the general impression of mediocrity, and the mind of the spectator was filled with forebodings as he thought of what the winners would look like after the gentle Tigers got through with them.

The first half was productive of some very juvenile work on the part of both teams. A number of really spectacular muffs enlivened the proceedings, and on one occasion five players in succession handled the ball in about as many seconds, which is more than the game demands. McGill's kicking in the first half was away below par, a great many of their attempts being, in golfing parlance, "half-topped," and others screwed far into touch.

It was 'Varsity's dough-headed play in this half that lost them the match. Favored by the lay of the ground, a slanting wind and with a punter of Southam's abilities, they should have run up a safe lead, but contented themselves with bucks and short runs, and wound up the half with a futile one to the good. A couple of ordinary garden rouges would have saved the day, but they were not forthcoming, and 'Varsity were trimmed on their own grounds by a weaker team. It must be said, however, that McGill showed great adaptability and quickness in utilizing the opportunities chance threw in their way, and to this their victory was to a large extent due. In Hale they have a runner who is above the class of anybody in these parts. His fleetness was responsible for a try when he caught Southam's blocked kick on the run and carried it 80 yards for a touch-down. It was a beautiful run. On another occasion 'Varsity had started a dribble down the field, and it looked as if nothing could prevent a try, when Hale shot out like an arrow from the bunch of straining runners, and tearing over his own line kicked the ball into touch-in-goal. If McGill has any one player to thank, it is this one. For the other side Southam was the only one who displayed anything like consistent form. He made a couple of fumbles, but on the whole his catching was superb and his punting was, of course, excellent. A tremendous amount of work was put on him, and he stood up to it in fine style. That a man of his weight could stand the grueling he received and still have something to spare, showed commendable grit and staying power, and when he completes his course he should be a find for some O.R.F.U. team.

It is to be hoped that Saturday's game will ring the death-knell of that ancient and idiotic survival, the "throw-in." Its utter uselessness was never shown up in stronger relief, and if one is to judge from the comments of the spectators, its early demise will cause no lamentation from the public. It is up to the Intercollegiate Union to get in line with the advance in tactics that is taking place in the other unions, and prune out some undesirable features. The amount of senseless off-side work that took place in Saturday's game would not be tolerated by an O. R. F. U. captain. A couple of players who are persistently off-side can lose the game for their team twice over in penalties, and make the spectators peevish into the bargain. Come out of your trance, Intercollegiate, and keep up with the band-wagon!

On Saturday's form, McGill will not cause the Tigers much uneasiness when they meet, and if they desire a small niche in the hall of fame will have to put in some strenuous work from now on. As it is, it looks like McGill on toast, with a few rich herbs on the side.

There are signs which would indicate that this is going to be a very spirited season for the professional hockey player. Already the market has strengthened considerably, and as buying orders are in excess of the offerings, a rapid rise in values is expected. It is a poor player indeed that rumor has not definitely located

in at least seven different places, and it keeps the luckless manager in a stew of apprehension lest some prospective prize elude his grasp. This situation is bringing its own cure. Pretty soon we shall have the counterpart of the machinery which controls the destiny of baseball across the line—commissions that award players to this club or that one and punish deviations from their rulings. It is a short step from there to the picturesque features—franchises, contract-jumpers and outlaws, and then shall we know the delights of canned sport delivered at our doors both summer and winter. It is a fine prospect, but it remains to be seen how the dear public will appreciate the latest blessing of this enlightened age.

Small game in Cape Breton has, in many sections, become very scarce indeed, of late years, but during the present season became rather more abundant. Prospects indicate that next season the usual scarcity will prevail, says the Cape Breton Enterprise. This will partly be due to reckless slaughter carried on beyond the limits of reason and common sense. Only a day or two ago we read of one person who had secured seventy-three partridges on a hunting trip lasting several days. A person who follows hunting up in this way deserves the title of hog. Unfortunately there are quite a number of so called sports who are in the same category. A reasonable amount of sport is enjoyable and should be encouraged, but after it passes decent limits should be frowned down upon by the press and by all right thinking citizens of the country. Sport for the mere sake of satisfying a lust for killing is always to be reprehended.

Another feature tending to sadly reduce the number of our game birds is the fact that they are permitted to be exposed for sale by the hundred. The birds are small and the relative amount of nutriment that they furnish is likewise small. The principal enjoyment to the hunter is the securing of some game. He enjoys a trip through the woods in search of it, every sense on the alert, but when he comes down to the strictly commercial phrase his sport develops into mere slaughter. The commercial feature of the situation, trifling as it will appear to many, is a very marked feature in the depletion of game birds in our forests. A law passed forbidding the exposing of partridge, for example, for sale could be more readily and easily enforced than a law relating to close season. There might, it is true, be a little peddling of birds, from door to door, but even this would be much restricted, while the open exposure for sale would be entirely done away with. As to the close season for fish and game, true sports observe it strictly.

### The Song of the Motor Veil.

I'm the only real solution  
Of the problem that ablation  
And that creams and rare cosmetics  
Have been struggling to solve.  
I'm the radiant girl supplier—  
Universal beautifier—  
Which has banished dietetics  
So that doctors' heads revolve.

When a woman wants complexion  
I supply it to perfection.  
Be her fancy mild or "sassy,"  
I can always show the goods.  
Now for tastes that run to bilious  
'Mongst Dame Fashion's supercilious,  
I produce a green more grassy  
Than was ever in the woods.

And for those who would look  
"peachy,"  
I supply a pink so screechy,  
That the girl and I between us  
Would make any flame look pale.  
I can hide the lines and wrinkles,  
And endow the eye with twinkles—  
For every girl's a Venus.  
When behind a motor veil!  
—New York Sun.

Funny thing about a mortgage—if  
you cancel it you can't sell it.—Judge.



Bertie (to Caddie, searching for lost ball)—What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it fifty yards further!  
Diplomatic Caddie—But sometimes they hit a stone, sir, and bounce back a terrible distance!  
—Punch.

The British army was once in difficulties through the lack of a hangman. Murder was committed by a soldier in the Crimea, but nobody could be found to carry out the sentence of the court-martial, says the London Evening Standard.

It was announced that £20 and a free discharge would be granted to the man undertaking the task. At last a man did volunteer. He was a newcomer to the army.

On the night prior to the date fixed for the execution they locked up the hangman in a stable to keep him safe. In the morning the party at the gallows waited, but there was no hangman. He had gone mad during the night, or else he was now simulating madness.

The officer in command turned to one of his captains with: "Captain you will have the goodness to hang the prisoner!" The captain changed countenance, but he pulled himself together, and appealed to the sergeants with: "Which of you will hang this man?"

And to spare his captain, one of the men volunteered. He afterward had the satisfaction of flogging the man who had volunteered and failed.

"In Norway they fish by telephone," says the Technical World Magazine of Chicago for November. "A Microphone, which intensifies sound, is placed in a hermetically sealed steel box. Electric wires connect this instrument with a telephone on ship-board. The inventor asserts that with the aid of this device the kind and approximately the number of fish in the neighborhood can be ascertained. When herring or smaller fish approach the microphone, a whistling noise can be detected. Codfish make known their presence by a howl. The noise is said to be caused by the flow of water through the gills of the fish. The motion of the fins produces a dull rolling sound."

Talking of expensive economy, I have seen a lady spoil a pair of fine gloves trying to rescue a nickel from a mud puddle. Several people have been run over by street cars or teams in New York while trying to rescue a dropped package, a hat, an umbrella or a cane.

A Paris bank clerk, who was carrying a bag of gold through the streets, dropped a ten franc piece, which rolled from the sidewalk. He set his bag down to look for the lost piece, and while he was trying to extricate it from the gutter someone stole his bag and ran away with it.—Success.

George Ade, automobiling in Indiana, dined at a country hotel among a roomful of ministers.

The ministers, who were holding a convention in the town, were much amused when Mr. Ade's identity was disclosed to them.

One of them said during dinner: "How does a humorist of your stamp feel, sir, in such reverend company as this?"  
"I feel," said Mr. Ade, promptly, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."  
—New York Tribune.

"I suppose you have found," said the plain citizen, "that every man has his price."

"Yes," replied the lobbyist, "except the man who is worth buying."  
—Philadelphia Press.

"Jinks thinks he has nervous prostration, but I guess it's only what his valet calls 'nervous prosperity.'"  
"You're wrong there. It's a clear case of 'nervous posterity.'"  
—Judge.

### "A Hint for Fall Visitors."

Gentlemen visiting Toronto during the fall and winter would find a quiet half hour profitably spent in visiting "Vogue Tailoring Co.," 9 West Adelaide street. Come and see us whether you wish to order now or later on.

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Dec. 22, Saturday, "LAKE ERIE"  
Dec. 28th, Friday, "EMPERESS OF IRELAND"  
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Dec. 19, Wed., "Mount Temple" carrying 2nd and 3rd only, \$40 and \$25.50.  
Jan. 2, Wed., "Lake Michigan" carrying 3rd only, \$20.50.  
Feb. 12, Wed., "Mount Temple" carrying 2nd and 3rd only, \$40 and \$25.50.  
The "Empress of Britain," Dec. 14, will sail as our Christmas Steamer.  
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## Cupid and the Paint-Brush

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

MARJORIE was sitting under the cedar on the tennis lawn. It seemed to me that the best way of spending my morning would be to go and sit under the cedar on the tennis-lawn, too.

"Good morning," I said as I came up. I had seen her before, but "Good morning" is such an excellent conversational gambit.

"Good morning," said Marjorie. She marked with a finger her place in the book she was reading, and tried to impress me with the idea that she was busy, but could give me two minutes if I had something of excellent importance to say.

I declined to encourage this absurd attitude. I took away her book kindly but firmly, laid it down on the grass out of her reach, and began.

"Marjorie," I said.

From constantly playing Juliet to my Romeo, Marjorie has developed a habit of reading my thoughts which at times I find distinctly inconvenient.

"I should make you wretched," she said.

"Not at all," said I politely. "Besides, what are you doing now but making me wretched?"

"You don't know what I'm like, really, or you wouldn't."

"Persevere? Of course I should. I know much better than you what's good for you. Think how much older I am. We were made for one another."

Marjorie appeared to ponder. "Say the word," I added encouragingly. Marjorie and I have known each other since I was in sailor suits.

"You'd hate the sight of me in a couple of years," said she.

"By that time you would adore me so passionately that you wouldn't notice it. I am an acquired taste; but once acquired, never lost."

"You know it wouldn't do, really."

"May I ask why on earth not? I wish we could manage this affair without argument. I hate arguing."

"So do I."

"Then why argue? Agree with me—and all shall be forgiven."

"Will it make you conceited if I tell you something?"

"Impossible."

"Well, it isn't you I object to. It's the being married at all—just yet."

The last two words were added as a species of afterthought.

"Now, that is a concession. My suit, then, I take it, is practically settled upon?"

"I knew it would make you conceited."

"Not at all, merely natural gratification. What is your objection to marriage in the abstract? Tell me the worst. Are you a woman with a mission?"

"Well, I suppose I am, in a way. I want to paint."

"But—"

"I knew you would say that. Don't be silly. I mean paint pictures, of course. You shouldn't twist people's meanings. It's a very bad habit. Will you please pass me my book?"

I deliberately moved the inconvenient volume still further out of the way with my foot. Such a request at such a moment was simply impertinent, and I ignored it.

"Will you give me my book, please?"

"No. Couldn't you go on painting when you were Mrs. Me?"

"Of course not. I should get lazy."

"We could work together. I also am an artist of peculiar merit."

"You?"

"Decidedly. You didn't see the comments of the Press on my last year's Academy picture, then?"

"No. Did you?"

"No. That, however, was simply because there was no such picture. Painting, however, is a game which two can play at. Do you know what my initials are? R. A."

"Well?"

"Well, if that is not an omen, what is an omen? Tell me that. Now, look here, Marjorie, we are going to make a sporting bargain. We will each paint a picture for the Academy this year, and whoever paints the better one has his or her (it is not likely to be her) way in the matter. Do you agree?"

"Who is to judge?"

"We will buttonhole the President and get his private opinion. Only you must not sign your name, of course. These Academicians, you know, they'd give the verdict to a lady without a second look. Now do you agree?"

"Very well. It's very silly."

"Silly! Good gracious! It's a life and death matter to me. That is all I want to say. You may now go on reading that very wordless book. I've lost your place."

Marjorie left next day. A fortnight later I met her in town. I was coming down the steps of my club,

and our ways, by some extraordinary coincidence, happened to lie in the same direction.

"How does the picture progress?" I asked. "Personally I have chosen an allegorical subject. I call it 'Waiting.'"

"That is original."

"Isn't it? Originality is quite a hobby of mine. I intend to represent a beautiful young lady dressed in a neat creation of white, standing on a rustic bridge with her back to a rather sweet thing in Turnerian sunset."

"I see. And how does the title apply?"

"She is supposed to be waiting for a gentleman to whom she is devotedly attached. He is at present not in sight. But in one corner of the canvas an angel form, in whom the acute observer will readily recognize Fame, heralds his approach with a few notes from a gold trumpet. An expression of intense but natural gratification shines on the face of the beautiful young lady."

"I suppose so."

"And how is yours getting on, and what is it to be?"

"I am painting a landscape."

"With figures?"

"There's a cow in one corner."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"Then I feel secure. The President, wavering between the merits of our respective landscapes, will remember my beautiful young lady, and the thing will be done. I see him at this moment, his face one large expanse of admiration."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Now, perhaps, under the circumstances, you would like to retire from the contest and acknowledge my superiority?"

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I don't believe you are painting a picture at all. I don't believe you can paint."

"Good morning, Miss Somerville," I said. "After that, you will hardly expect me to speak to you. Here we are at your door, and I will take my wounded self off in a hansom."

Sending-in day came and went, and one morning I called at the Somervilles' and asked to see Marjorie.

The butler thought she was in the drawing-room. The rest of the family were out, but she had stopped at home. Should he tell her that I had called? I said that there was no necessity to announce me. I would go to the drawing-room.

I knocked steadily at the door for three-quarters of an hour (it may have been less), and then went in. At first the room seemed empty. Then I noticed a limp form on the sofa. It was Marjorie, and she was crying. I can stand a good many things, but one of the things which I cannot stand is to see Marjorie cry. She started up as I came in, and endeavored to mend matters with a wholly inadequate pocket handkerchief.

"I did knock," I said. "Marjorie, do tell me what's the matter. Has the picture been rejected?"

"Yes." A sob from the sofa.

"Never mind. We're both in the same."

"I see how silly I was ever to think I could paint."

I caught my own eye in the mirror and winked affectionately at it.

"Marjorie," I said, placing a hand in hers—always a sound move—"we will forget that idiotic wager. Treat me as if I had never asked you before, and tell me what you'll—will you?" At this moment it seemed judicious to remove my hand from hers and slide it round her waist. I did so. She made no protest.

"Marjorie, say 'Yes.'"

"Yes." In a whisper from the sofa. After that several other things seemed judicious, and I did them all. She appeared rather to like it than otherwise.

"Marjorie," I said, after a long silence, "do you know why I came today? I wanted to ask you to take me in spite of that absurd wager."

"But you won it."

"No. It was a drawn game. My allegory failed to impress the Committee."

"What! You were refused?"

"My picture was. I was accepted. By you. Don't move."

She did not move.

Another long silence.

"We'll take to photography," I said at last thoughtfully. "Share the same

camera and develop off the same plate."

Marjorie sat up suddenly.

"Do you know," she said, "I don't mind so very much about the picture. I never did think very highly of the Academy. You know, it's so—"

"Yes, isn't it?" I said. "Exactly what I have always thought about it. Don't move."

She did not move.

### The Ruling Passion.

Early this summer Jenkins left in foreign lands to roam, And ever since he's been engaged In sending post-cards home.

No souvenirs could Jenkins buy, From Liverpool to Rome, Since every cent he had spent In sending post-cards home! —Ella A. Fanning.

Mr. Clement Scott's will was written on a sheet of stamped notepaper.

The truffle is a vegetable without stem, roots, leaves, flowers, or seeds.

Every year in Great Britain some 15,000 deaths are directly due to alcoholic excess.

In a hurricane blowing at 30 miles an hour, the pressure on each square foot of surface is 3 1-2 lbs.

Acrobatism is said to be now almost entirely monopolized by the foreigner, especially the German.

Italian industry spreads itself over the world. It makes in large measure the world's roads and tunnels.

A man came before a magistrate in Sydney, N.S.W., charged with causing unnecessary pain and suffering to a flock of sheep by making them hustle in the heat of the day. He defended himself. "Your Worship," he said, "I know you often have to hustle yourself!" "Quite so, quite so," returned the magistrate, smiling blandly; and then, putting his hand on his head, which was quite bald, "but I never found that hustling improved the growth of the wool, and I fine you forty shillings."

Ethel—Dear friend, how many years have passed since we met. You don't look a year older!

Etta—Nor you! You have the same red cheeks, the same bright eyes and the same hat!"—Translated from Les Annales.

"Pa, Uncle James has given me his steamer trunk."

"Well, what of that?"

"Now, pa, don't be peevish. Couldn't you give me a trip to Europe to sort of round out Uncle James' present?"—Housman Chronicle.

### A DOCTOR'S TRIALS

He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Coffee slavery is not much different from alcohol or any other drug. But many people don't realize that coffee contains a poisonous, habit-forming drug—caffeine.

They get into the habit of using coffee, and no wonder, when some writers for respectable magazines and papers speak of coffee as "harmless."

Of course it doesn't paralyze one in a short time like alcohol, or put one to sleep like morphine, but it slowly acts on the heart, kidneys and nerves, and soon forms a drug-habit, just the same, and one that is the cause of many overlooked ailments.

"I wish to state for the benefit of other coffee slaves," writes a Vt. young lady, "What Postum Food Coffee has done for me."

"Up to a year ago I thought I could not eat my breakfast if I did not have at least two cups of coffee, and sometimes during the day, if very tired, I would have another cup."

"I was annoyed with indigestion, heart trouble, bad feeling in my head, and sleeplessness. Our family doctor, whom I consulted, asked me if I drank coffee. I said I did and could not get along without it."

"He told me it was the direct cause of my ailments, and advised me to drink Postum. I had no faith in it, but finally tried it. The first cup was not boiled long enough and was distasteful, and I vowed I would not drink any more."

"But after a neighbor told me to cook it longer I found Postum was much superior in flavor to my coffee. I am no longer nervous, my stomach troubles have ceased, my heart action is fine, and from 105 lbs. weight when I began Postum, I now weigh 138 lbs. I give all the credit to Postum as I did not change my other diet in any way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."



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There were only two Dolly Varden stores in Canada two years ago—to-day there are 25, and 4 more franchises have been secured for the spring.



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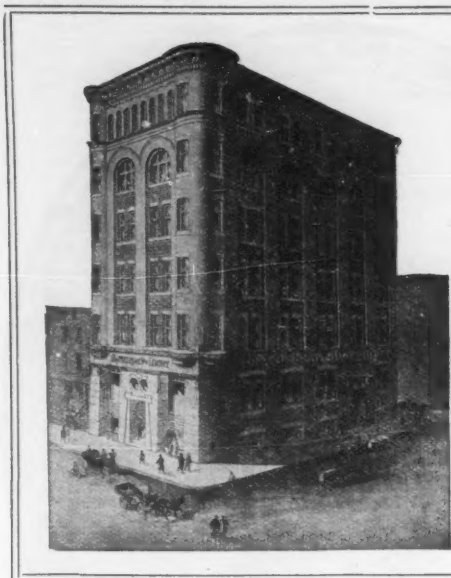
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### Points About People

Mr. W. J. Hambly of Toronto, when a young lad, was a printer's devil and messenger boy on The Globe, and can tell many an amusing tale about Hon. George Brown, the august leader of the Reform party in his day and editor of The Globe. When Mr. Brown wanted to "make a killing," he wrote with extreme deliberation, thinking out vitriolic sentences at the rate of about one every fifteen minutes, and he did his writing at home. Many a night a messenger from the office has been obliged to wait for hours in the hallway, and then trudge down town with the copy of a scathing leader. This was a frequent duty with young Hambly. One night he fell asleep and dreamed that he had lost his mittens. He was awakened suddenly by a tap on the shoulder from the august editor and murmured in a sleepy way that he had lost his mittens. Instantly the vast form, lamp in hand, was down on its knees creeping around the floor looking for them. To his horror the boy realized that the mittens were hanging about his neck. Grabbing the copy, he assured Mr. Brown that it did not matter, and beat a retreat before the rather choleric magnate had a chance to discover that he had been made a fool of.

On another occasion young Hambly sat for hours, and the chief came out with the copy in a very absent-minded mood. Looking vaguely at the lad and the hall clock he asked:

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"No," said the youth, with pleased anticipation.

The great editor was off into dreamland again, and after the boy had stood waiting for about three minutes, he suddenly turned and remarked vaguely:

"Oh! well, we'll see about the matter in the morning."

Mr. William Charlton, ex-Speaker of the Ontario Legislature, tells a story in which Dr. Beattie Nesbitt figures. There was a discussion in the Legislature on some matter that Hon. E. J. Davis had charge of, and several Conservative members were heckling the Minister. There had been a long delay over some surveying up north, and the explanation offered was that the surveyors could not proceed until another party had concluded the task of laying out the base line. The interrupters asked questions about "the base line" that were somewhat flippant, and someone testily observed that they did not seem to know what the term meant.

Speaker Charlton walked down the aisle, and seeing that Dr. Nesbitt was the chief interrupter, paused at his desk.

"Doctor," he asked, "can you tell me what a base line is?"

"Certainly," replied Dr. Nesbitt. "A base line is any line this Government takes."

Sir John A. Macdonald is frequently alluded to as the father of the National Policy, because he became the head and front of the protection movement and christened it by that name. The idea of protection was in the air, however, before it was taken up by Sir John A. Macdonald, who always moved cautiously in matters of policy. The real father of the movement was the late John Maclean, the sire of W. F. Maclean, M. P. In the early days of The Mail he was one of the numerous editorial writers on that newspaper and every time he was short of a subject he would write an appeal for protection, which Mr. Edward Farrar, the editor, would promptly consign to the waste paper basket.

One day Sir John A. Macdonald walked into the office, and after a conference with the heads of the institution, Mr. Maclean was summoned to the sanctum sanctorum and told to give full swing to his ideas about protection, since Sir John had decided to adopt it as the chief plank of his platform. That night occurred one of the most amusing episodes in the annals of The Mail office. Mr. Maclean sat down and wrote a slashing leader demanding more protection. His handwriting had some of the quali-

ties attributed to Horace Greeley, and the word "protection" was not so familiar a political phrase as it is to the present generation. The proof-reader struggled with the strangely illegible word and, being an Orangeman, finally decided that what the country needed was more "protestantism." Mr. Maclean tore his hair next day when the slogan went forth to the country "Canada Needs More Protestantism."

A few years ago Mr. Peter Ryan was promoting the Inverness and Richmond Railway, which now runs through Cape Breton Island. In that section the population is pretty evenly divided between Roman Catholics and Orangemen and feeling sometimes runs high there, though, for the most part, the neighbors live on good terms with each other. Mr. Ryan wanted to secure a bonus from the county for his line and was anxious to have both sides with him. When he appeared before the council he decided to tell them a story which he says is true. He told in eloquent terms of how a poor Irishman was travelling up Smoky Mountain in Cape Breton. His horse was old and his wagon overloaded. Behind him up the mountain road came a gentleman driving a light buggy with a fine horse. Seeing the Irishman's predicament he proposed that they exchange horses until they reached the downward slope. The arrangement was carried out and at the turn of the road the Irishman thanked the good Samaritan effusively and demanded his name. The gentleman was Rev. John Forbes, Presbyterian minister at Hope-town.

"The Irishman could not believe it," said Mr. Ryan, "but when convinced he cried out 'Bad cess to you Martin Luther, it's manny's the noble man you sent wrong!'" The story appealed to everybody and the bonus was granted.

Mr. F. P. Dunne, the author of the famous "Mr. Dooley" monologues, has taken rank as one of the famous American humorists, and he makes the homely little Irishman of Archway road talk a great deal of sound sense and good philosophy. In this week's issue appears a discussion on "The Christmas Spirit," by Mr. Dooley, and in next week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT will appear the first of a new series of Dooley talks, direct from Mr. Dunne's pen, these articles appearing simultaneously in these columns and in New York and Chicago publications. Mr. Dooley discusses current events and homely subjects in a manner all his own, and none of his many imitators have been able to approach his inimitable humor and quaint wisdom. The readers of these columns will like him.



MR. F. P. DUNNE—"Mr. Dooley."

Probably few Canadians are aware that Mr. H. B. Irving, who is appearing in Toronto at the Princess this week, is not only an actor of the first class, but an author of some considerable reputation as well. He has published two books—one on "Judge Jeffreys," and the other, "French Criminals"—both of which have met with a certain degree of success. He has made a hobby of criminology, and he is now bringing out a volume of essays on the subject, some of which have already been published in the magazines. Mr. Irving is said to be "an analyst of crime and a member of the Murder Club, of which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Max Pemberton are also members." The fact that the "Murder Club" exists emphasizes the fact that people follow up their hobbies, as they attend to many other matters, with much more thoroughness than we do in this young country.

The work of Mr. Irving in the direction of authorship, by the way, has reminded an English writer that not since David Garrick wrote many plays and prologues has an actor in England made any achievement in literature, other than certain memoirs, most of them carefully edited.

The late Frederic G. Kitton of St. Albans, England, author of "Dickens by Pen and Pencil," "The Illustrators of Dickens," etc., etc., in addition to being a writer and artist of considerable repute, devoted many years to gathering Dickensiana, and at the time of his death in September, 1905, Mr. Kitton possessed one of the most comprehensive collections of its kind in England. The collection includes some three hundred books on Dickens and his works, the majority of these being autograph copies; over two hundred different portraits of the novelist; numerous volumes of magazines and newspaper articles relating to Dickens; pictures, programmes, play-bills, etc.; autograph letters from famous admirers of the novelist; several plays based upon the novels; original reports of speeches by Dickens; numerous pamphlets, etc., etc. There is also a splendid collection of original Dickens drawings by such well-known artists as Brock, Leslie Ward, Rainey, and others, as well as many drawings by the late Mr. Kitton himself (including most of the originals of his illustrations to "A Week's Tramp in Dickens Land"). It is unnecessary to say that many of the articles in the collection are unique and not possible of duplication. The Dickens Fellowship, of which Mr. Kitton was one of the founders, has undertaken to purchase this unique collection as the nucleus of a National Dickens Library, to be housed in the Guildhall of the City of London.

The Toronto Branch of the Fellowship is now the third largest branch in the world, with a present membership of over 250, and proposes to assist in the Library project by contributing to the fund the entire proceeds of an entertainment under its auspices on Friday, 7th December, at the Guild Hall, when Mr. E. S. Williamson,



THE LATE F. G. KITTON

president of the local branch, will give his illustrated lecture-recital, "An Evening with Dickens." Mr. Williamson has in his Dickens collection autograph copies of several of Mr. Kitton's books, sent him by the author, with whom he corresponded on Dickensian subjects of mutual interest.

A droll story is told of Mr. Wm. Cruickshank, the distinguished Canadian artist. A few summers ago he was staying with another noted painter, Mr. Homer Watson, at his beautiful home in Waterloo county, near Doon.

With a fellow artist he was trudging along the road with his eyes open looking for good subjects. A German farmer was noted ploughing a field, and Mr. Cruickshank commenced to rhapsodize somewhat in this fashion:

"Look at that man, he is a sensible man, a happy man; he lives the true life. Dependent on nature, and living with nature, he knows nothing of the petty vexations of city life; nor does he befool himself with our problems of art."

By this time they had come to the point where the furrow ended, and the farmer came to the fence to give them good day.

Then he added in his dialect: "Say, wouldn't it be fine if Doon could get a brass band!"

Mr. Cruickshank walked on utterly crushed. Then he muttered:

"That man is a fool!"

Theodore Louis, a quaint old German farmer of Wisconsin, is regarded as one of the best authorities on swine raising. The Western Dairymen's Association brought him to Woodstock a few years ago to give pointers to Ontario farmers. Among other things he advocated feeding meal in a dry state to hogs, as in that way it would be more thoroughly masticated. A farmer present raised the objection that it would take a pig too long to eat its meal in that way. The old German beamed upon the dissident, and triumphantly asked: "Mine friend, vill you please tell me vot dot hog's time vas vorth?"

There are about twenty thousand commercial travellers in Canada. About ten thousand of them are doing business in Ontario, of whom, perhaps, four thousand reside in Toronto. Through these men there is transacted an immense volume of business annually. The salesman, therefore, has as sure a place in our business system as has the merchant whose private office he enters. In recent years great changes have taken place over the whole field of business, and the footing of the travelling salesman has vastly improved. He is less a jollier and more a man of affairs. Instead of trying to load up his customer with every dollar's worth he can jolly him into buying, he is often his customer's expert adviser, and sells him only what can be retailed off in a local market that he can pretty well gauge.

Last week one of the daily papers led me into the error of supposing that Mr. J. C. Walsh, who was elected to represent St. Ann's division of Montreal in the Commons, was Mr. J. C. Walsh, editor of the Herald, and formerly of Toronto. Several letters have come to hand pointing out the mistake, and it is now my duty to unseat the gentleman I sent to Parliament last week. A reader in Montreal writes: "However, under the circumstances, your error is not surprising, for many of the electors of St. Ann's division are in a haze over which Walsh was elected last week to represent that constituency at Ottawa. If there is one thing that St. Ann's division is long on it is Walshes. Their initials begin with A and end with Z, but there is a strong preference for J's and C's. There are even French-Canadian Walshes, who do not speak English, or Irish, for that matter. It so happens that during the late contest three Walshes figured prominently, two J. C.'s and one M. J. To make the situation even more opaque the two J. C.'s have made copy for newspapers; one, however, has since thought better of it and so became a lawyer. This is the one elected to a seat in Parliament. The Parliamentary Walsh was formerly a member of the Montreal Star staff. He 'did' the courts for the paper until such time as he realized the error of his ways and began the study of law, and he has been almost as good a lawyer as he was a newspaper man. The other J. C. Walsh (the one you elected to Parliament) still continues to write editorials on numerous subjects (damning the Montreal, Light, Heat and Power Company preferred) upon the Montreal Herald."

Champ Clark relates the experience of a Western politician who was making a house-to-house canvass some years ago.

This politician had come to a prosperous-looking farmhouse at a cross-road, when he observed a comely young woman standing at the gate. Pulling up his horse, the candidate for the people's favor gracefully lifted his hat in salute to the young woman, and politely asked:

"No doubt, madam, your estimable husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" suavely inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture a-buryn' the dog," came from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate.

"What killed him?"

"He wore himself out a-barkin' at candidates," said the woman.

Some railroads out-Oslerized Osler not long ago by adopting a rule forbidding the employment of new men past 35 years of age. It is gratifying, says the Railway Carmen's Journal, to learn that the absurdity of limiting the age at which a railway man is eligible for employment is passing away more rapidly than the promoters of such a measure expected. Already the principal roads in America where the experiment has been tried have abandoned the regulation. The Boston and Maine, the Alton, the St. Paul and the Burlington are virtually ignoring the age limit regulation, and, guided by common sense, are hiring men more with a view to their qualifications than to the exact number of years which they may have lived.

Experience and capability are the real tests of a man's fitness for any position, and if a railway official makes the mistake of hiring an incompetent man there is no law compelling the company to continue to employ him. Years in themselves are no criterion. Some men are old at 40. Others are young at 60.

### Wit of Herr Rosenthal.

NO other pianist ever had such a reputation for saying witty things as Moritz Rosenthal.

The other night he dined at the home of his manager, Henry Wolfsohn, in East Seventeenth street, New York. Mr. Wolfsohn lives in an old-fashioned house and his dining-room is in the basement.

"I must apologize always for my very low ceiling," Mr. Wolfsohn said, "but we are accustomed to this dining-room and never would be willing to give it up."

"The ceiling is low," said Mr. Rosenthal; "so low that you ought to serve only fried sole here."

"One of the managers I had was always trying to find something sensational by which to attract attention," he said the other day, "and long after I had ceased to play under his direction he came to me for advice. He was a pianist himself, although a poor one, and had become an impresario after he had failed as a virtuoso."

"What can I do," he said to me, 'to make this concert attract the public? I want to do something to get the concert talked about.'"

"Take the largest hall in Vienna," I told him, "and charge no admission fee. The hall will be crowded."

"Yes, I know it will," he answered, "but I will not make any money by that."

"You do just as I tell you," I urged him. "You get the hall packed with people by letting them in free. Then you play the first number and the last on the programme. Let the other artists come in between your selections."

"Yes, but then?"

"Then put a notice on the programme that everybody leaving the hall after your first number will have to pay a gulden. Everybody will get out rather than listen to you a second time and you will do a good business."

"Whether or not he took my advice I never knew."

Mr. Rosenthal is often willing to be witty at his own expense.

"In what do I take the greatest pleasure?" he repeated after a reporter had put that question to him. "Well, I sometimes think it is in reading critical praise of my piano playing."

"Will you just write me a word or two in my autograph album?" begged a woman during the progress of a concert given by Bernard Stavenhagen, the German pianist. "Just a word or two with your autograph."

Stavenhagen turned in despair toward Rosenthal, who was standing with him in the artists' room.

"Write a word or two for the lady," urged Rosenthal, "write her your repertoire."

### A Charitable Mine-Owner.

AN initial contribution of \$10,000,000, to be followed by others of similar proportions, is the announced offerings to charitable purposes from a living Mexican millionaire. The story of these gifts is told in the following despatch from Galveston to the New York Tribune:

Pedro Alvarado, one of the wealthiest and youngest mine-owners of Mexico, announced to-day that he had perfected plans whereby he will distribute more than \$10,000,000 gold among the poor of Mexico. Alvarado is unable to estimate, even roughly, his great wealth, and, besides the great sum which he has just set aside, is planning to spend another fortune as his wealth grows, that will surpass the amount devoted to charity by any philanthropist in the United States.

Alvarado is the man who offered to pay off the entire national debt of Mexico, an offer which the Government declined. The fortune which he has given to the poor will be distributed by the Mexican Government. Little or no money will be given outright to any applicant, but all those found worthy in the eyes of the Government will receive a small farm, be provided with a home, or be helped to establish themselves in business. Provision has also been made to establish free schools out of the fund, and a small amount is to be given to struggling and small parishes and churches. At least twenty thousand persons will be benefited directly by the distribution of the fund. President Diaz is now seeking for four or five men, on whose integrity he can depend absolutely, to form a commission for the proper distribution of the wealth.

Senor Alvarado lives in Parral. He comes of a poor family himself. The bulk of his wealth came from the celebrated Palmillo mine, which he owns.

The Bishop of Albany, the Right Reverend W. C. Doane, follows the custom of English bishops in signing formal communications, using "William of Albany" instead of giving his name in full. In this connection an amusing story is told. It appears that the bishop alighted from an express train in the station at Albany, to find himself besieged on all sides by cabmen, with the usual "Cab, cab, cab! Right this way, sir! Here's yer cab!" One of the "cabbies," on perceiving the bell-crowned hat, long clerical coat, and other indications of the calling of the passenger, evidently recognized Bishop Doane, for he suddenly held up his finger, exclaiming:

"Cab, William of Albany? Cab? Right this way, William!"



Mrs. Snobson (to Mrs. Smith—nee Vere de Vere—, whom she has been cutting; but, meeting her at the Duchess's, makes up her mind to be civil).—"So glad to see you, Mrs. Smith! You really must dine with us one day next week."

Mrs. Smith—"Thanks. Why?"

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# MAKING MEN OUT OF STREET ARABS

Showing how Little Savages are turned into Useful Citizens.

By W. F. WIGGINS

FROM an educational standpoint there is no more interesting institution in Toronto than the Elizabeth street public school, popularly known as "the school of the Ward." Here have been taught and trained some of the worst boys that have been bred in the slums of Toronto, and here have been educated and developed some of the brightest and brainiest chaps that have gone forth in the world to seek fame and fortune.

To the tact and training of the teachers of this school belong the credit for transforming some of the toughest of the tough into decent law-abiding citizens. Miss H. How, who has been principal of the school for some twenty years, is probably the pioneer of this class of educational work in Toronto.

It was in the days when W. H. Howland was Mayor of Toronto that he and Inspector James L. Hughes took a walk through the Ward one Sunday. The Mayor was interested in mission work in the Ward, and they were on the hunt for cases of need. In an out-of-the-way corner of a lane they found a tumble-down sort of a hut, without windows or doors. It was the rendezvous—or the home—of a gang of young thieves. Their average age was about 15 years. All they had to eat were a few herrings and a couple of loaves of bread. These they confessed to the visitors, had been stolen. There was some parlying between the Mayor and the Inspector and the captain of the gang—for they had elected the biggest chap among them as their leader—and it was finally agreed that the amateur desperadoes should go to school, if a suitable school could be found. A small mission hall was secured. Then came the most important question—who should be the teacher?

"Give us the best man you've got," said Mr. Howland to the Inspector.

"Haven't got a man on the staff good enough for the job."

"How's that? I thought you had the best teachers in Ontario."

"Yes, but for this class it's a woman you want," declared the Inspector. After considerable argument he convinced the Mayor that a woman should teach the young toughs.

Miss How was chosen for the work. She had had some experience with a roomful of almost uncontrollable youngsters of the Ward, and she had to nail up the doors and windows at times to keep them in the room. She had succeeded well enough to give reason for the faith that Mr. Hughes had in her. He made it a condition of her appointment to the new class that she should not thrash one of them under any circumstances. If anything very bad had occurred she was to report it to the Inspector.

Miss How got away to a good start, but the trouble soon came. Mike, the younger brother of the leader, was a particularly foul-mouthed fellow, and, becoming vexed at the teacher, he called her a vulgar name. She said nothing, but lost no time in notifying Mr. Hughes. He deemed that there was need for immediate and strenuous action. He is no advocate of corporal punishment, but this case was out of the ordinary.

"I will have Col. Thompson go there on Friday afternoon and give Mike the thrashing he deserves."

Col. Thompson went, he saw, but he did not conquer. He was just about to thrash Mike when the slates began to fly about his head. Things were coming his way, and taking advantage of the momentary confusion, Mike made a flying leap through the window. That ended the incident—for that day.

The next Tuesday Miss How heard a timid knock at the door. She opened it and was surprised to be greeted by Mike. "I want to come back to school, please, Miss How."

"You cannot come back till you take your thrashing."

Mike went sorrowfully away. Next day the timid knock was repeated. It was Mike again. Again he was given the same answer. But he was yearning to get back to school.

"Say, Miss How, if you'll let me come back to-day I'll be here on Friday to take the thrashing."

"You give me your word of honor?"

"That's straight—on the square."

And Mike went into school. Friday came. So did Col. Thompson. Mike took his thrashing like a little man, and Col. Thompson will testify that it was one of the good old-fashioned sort. But the incident had its effect on the whole class.

Mike was reclaimed from his evil ways, more or less. He is now employed in Toronto as a driver for a well-known firm.

ANOTHER well-known character of the school was a young Irish lad, whose parents spent more than half their time in jail. Neither of them were willing to work, and from his earliest years the boy had to make his way in the world alone. On a bitterly cold winter night one of the teachers of the school discovered him at the Union Station, trying to sell a bundle of papers. He had not enough money to get a night's lodging at the dive on Pearl street where he was in the habit of sleeping, and there was not a soul in sight to buy his papers. The teacher took him to his respectable lodging place, and paid for his bed. Then she tried to coax him to come to school. At last, after trying all known methods of persuasion, she induced him to promise to come. He came, and he gave her all sorts of trouble. The lad had been born and bred in an atmosphere of crime, he had been in jail more times than he was years old, and little could be expected of him. He could not speak without using foul language or profanity. But time and tact and teaching wrought wonders with him, and he grew to love the school and the teacher.

It happened one day that owing to the illness of the teacher a substitute was sent to the class. A big Syrian fellow, surly in disposition, determined to take advantage of the occasion, and do as he pleased. The teacher ordered him to take some part in the exercises. He, seated in the front row, promptly refused. The command was repeated. The Syrian then bluntly admonished the teacher to visit the warm region that Dr. Torrey talks about. There was silence in the room for a minute. This sudden defiance of law and authority astonished the class. Then came the quick steps of the Irish lad, up the aisle to the front. He confronted the rebel bully, his fists clenched in threatening manner and his purpose showing plainly in his face.

"Did ye hear what she said?" he demanded in firm, even tones.

"None of your business," growled the Syrian.

"Did ye hear what she said? Now do it right away or be all the powers I'll heave ye down the stairs."

The big fellow rose from his seat, Pat's fists at his



"Did ye hear what she said?"

face, and did as the teacher directed him. There were no more rebellions in the class room while the little Irishman was there.

He has since developed into one of the most decent and well-behaved young men about the city.

The boy was an inveterate cigarette fiend. He almost lived on the little white things, and he was up-to-date in all the latest drinks. When he was at school he would often raise his hand to ask permission to go out. The teacher knew why. "I know you're going out to smoke, Pat," she would say, "But you must not smoke in the school yard. Go to the street." Pat would go, and an hour afterwards he would come back, refreshed and ready for work. Gradually, though, he fought the cigarettes till he conquered them. "It was the most terrible battle I ever saw a human being fight—the battle of that boy with the habit," is the evidence of his teacher. Pat also gave up drinking, and mended his language. He now holds a respectable position and was happily married long ago.

ELIZABETH street school, however, is more than an educational institution. It is a center for the dispensing of charity. Money and clothes are handed out to the poor as the most needy cases come to the attention of the teachers, and the latter go about in the Ward, along its most dirty streets and up its lanes and alleys, seeking for a boy or a girl whose face has been missed at school, and incidentally coming across case after case of most pitiable misery.

"We have practically to mother and father some of the families in the Ward," said one of the teachers, "and we enjoy the work. Don't put us down in the class of people who go about doing a bit of charity here and there and talking all the time about their self-denial. Nothing of the sort here. We enjoy it. We find it interesting. We like to go about and see for ourselves how the people are living, and that's the only way we can find out how we can best help them. No, it's not self-denial."

Husbands and wives, who have been taught in the historic school, often come back to it yet to tell their tales of woe sometimes of marital infelicity, to the teachers who have known and guided them from their youth up to manhood and womanhood. The teachers, as we mentioned before, need tact, and lots of it. They hear both sides of the story, and then they do all they can to get man and wife back again on the old footing of peace and comradeship.

As charity dispensers the teachers have grown worldly-wise, by virtue of long experience. Many are the forms of fraud and deceit which are tried on them, and at first they fell easy victims to his tear-stained face and pleading voice, and a tale made up for the occasion. One woman once came to the school with a pitiable tale to the effect that her husband had been out of work for some time, and had pawned his tools. Now he had a chance to get work. Could she get \$2 to get the tools out of pawn? She got the money. The same afternoon one of the teachers saw the woman walking up the street with a pail in her hand, and following her to the miserable shack that the poor creature called home, she found the applicant for charity acting as hostess at a beer-drinking social. Three other women were enjoying the expenditure of the \$2.

And the same holds true regarding the giving of clothes. There is one woman who makes a practice of bringing poor people who are almost naked to the school to get clothing, simply in order that she might get a chance to rummage through the clothes closet and choose the garments herself. Then she would take them to a pawnshop, and get a few coins with which to buy liquor.

Money and clothes—principally clothes—kept pouring into the school, and both of these precious commodities are kept on the move.

"We are constantly giving them away, and we are never in want of them," said a teacher. "People seem to know that there are hundreds of deserving cases where charity could be wisely expended, and they send us the wherewithal to do it for them. We're glad to do it."

There are cases, however, where it is hardly wise to give charity. On one occasion, when one of the pupils died, the teachers sent \$5 to the bereaved family. Though they were in need of both clothing and food, the money was spent in hiring extra hacks for the funeral.

In another case where there was a death, another \$5 gift was sent, this time after the funeral was over. It was expended in buying costly silver-lettered funeral cards.

At times the teachers run more than a slight risk in their visits to homes which have not too good a reputation. One of them went into a house on Agnes street some time ago, in search of a boy who had not come to school regularly. She was shown upstairs and there found the mother of the lad in a drunken stupor. She talked to the maudlin creature for some time and tried to sober her somewhat, and get her to realize that she ought to look after the lad. At last she rose to go, and the woman staggered toward the stair to accompany her. "Never mind coming, Mrs. —," said the teacher, fearing that the woman would fall down stairs. "Yes, I'll come, for

they may not let you out if I don't," was the reply. The teacher wondered at it. When she came down stairs she understood. A big six-foot square-shouldered fellow stood leaning up against the door, smoking. The teacher walked across the room and made an effort to pass him. "No, you don't," said he in threateningly surly tones. "You'll have to pay for your footing before you get out of here." Now it happened that the teacher had no small change on her at the time. If she had she would probably have handed it over. She had in her pocket—for she, being an extraordinary woman, had a pocket—a roll of bank notes, which was well nigh all her worldly wealth. She was resolved not to let the roll be seen, for a part of it would not do in that event. So she put on a brave face. "Pay nothing," said she. "Let me pass." But the man was obdurate. The woman she had come to see protested, but in vain. Another man came from the adjoining room and backed up the big fellow. Then another woman came on the scene. She was the wife of the six-footer. "Let her go," she advised. "That woman is a school-teacher, and trouble will come of this, I tell you." The man at the door made a rush at her. He was in a rage at the thought of having to let his supposed prey go, and in a moment the whole four inmates of the place were engaged in a free-for-all fight. The teacher took advantage of the sudden turn of events to slip out the door and away. All this happened in a house almost in the shadow of No. 2 Police station, on Agnes street. The teacher has since been careful not to carry money with her on such visits, and not to go into suspicious places after dark.

A PLEASING feature of this school is the wholesome respect, and in some cases, the love which the pupils manifest for their tutors. A little fellow named Jack Palmer, who lived in a shed in the rear of a Center avenue house, thought so much of his teacher that when he was down on his knees in the street, shining shoes, he would jump to his feet and take off his ragged cap if she happened to pass by.

A class of seven boys wept bitter tears when they were told that they were promoted and could be taught no more by the teacher they had learned to love.

One young fellow went out West, after leaving school, and not long ago the teachers heard from him. He had a good position on the C. P. R., in British Columbia, and invited them to come out and visit him. If they would come he would arrange transportation for them, and pay their expenses out there.

The same chap was one of the most uncontrollable "kids" in the school. His favorite amusement was to get out of his seat and stand on his head on his desk, to the immense entertainment of the whole class. Once there was a map to be hung on the wall, and the lad volunteered to hang it with his toes while he stood on his head. Just to see if he could the teacher let him try, and there were thunders of applause from the appreciative juvenile audience when the feat was accomplished.

Elizabeth street school boasts a large number of rather clever pupils. The children of the foreigners—particularly the Jews—are remarkably quick to learn. One 11-year-old lad, Sammy Stork, the son of the official chicken-killer of the Toronto Hebrews, has gone as far as he can in that school and is now taking up higher work in Wesley street school. He has never been a full week at school in his life, and he has already conquered the first book of Algebra. He is quick enough in calculating to multiply a number in four figures by another of three, and to do it without recourse to paper or pencil. He still goes back to his old teacher at Elizabeth street, Mrs. J. M. Warburton, for his algebra lessons, which he gets after the regular school hours.

In the summer holidays all the pupils at the school who can go, get a chance to spend a couple of weeks or more in the country. Last summer some 450 little lads and lasses were sent away at no cost whatever to themselves or their parents, if the latter did not care to contribute. The funds sent in to the school are sufficient for the work. "We never ask, and we never have to ask. We are never short," said one of the teachers.

The scheme originated some years ago when the teachers determined to send half a dozen poor children, who were ill, to the country for a fresh air outing. By announcements from country pulpits and other similar means the fact was advertised that there were poor children who were in need of a place to go for a couple of weeks. The response from the farmers was a ready one, and the next year a larger number were sent. So the thing grew until last summer practically the whole school went. The railway companies carry the children for a small fare and the cost is not more than \$1 per head.

The children are sent away in "batches" of from twenty to thirty. Each one is "tagged," which means that each wears a small pasteboard card bearing the child's name and address, and its destination. A responsible person is sent with each party and he sees that the youngsters are dropped off at the stations they are destined for. Then when their time is up he goes along the line again, picks them up and brings the party back to Toronto. When the boys and girls come back they are invariably loaded down with animal pets, rabbits, pigs, kittens, puppies and chickens being the favorites. The children are sent as far north as Gravenhurst, west as far as Sarnia, and eastward to Kingston and Belleville.

One little city girl, who had never been in the country, did not know the source of milk until she was sent to a farm in this way. She was so horrified when she learned that it came from a cow that she has steadfastly refused to drink or sup of it ever since.

If the children of the Ward are dirty it is not the fault of Elizabeth street school. A big bath tub has been installed there, and the little tots as well as the bigger chaps are given a chance to take a dip. They take to the water wonderfully well, and seem to enjoy a splash. Some there are who do not look upon it so favorably, but when a teacher notices that any pupil needs a wash she is diplomatic. "Johnnie," she will say, "you have been very good to-day. You may take a bath." And Johnnie, deeming from the teacher's tone that it is a privilege, goes to the bathroom. Sometimes the room is so much in demand that two go in at once.

The Indian population of Canada is under one hundred thousand, and British Columbia has one-fourth of the whole. Mr. Pedley, the Deputy Superintendent, says that they are becoming civilized, but this statement would appear to be in accord with the old western maxim that the only good Indian is the dead one, says the Vancouver Province. With the total population under a hundred thousand it is evident that they are rapidly dying out. An Indian will before long be as rare as a buffalo.

## Does Japan Think of War?

THE newspapers of Europe are deeply interested in the signs of friction between Japan and the United States over the action of the school authorities in San Francisco in refusing Japanese children admission to the public schools. Tokyo has talked to Washington on the subject, and Washington promised to look into the facts. About the same moment the Japanese embassy called on Asahi Kitagaki, the last Jap attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to resign. One explanation is that this student was deficient in his studies; another guess at the secret cause of his removal is that he was too careful and copious a correspondent to naval acquaintances at home. An act of the last Congress closes Annapolis to foreign students.

Referring to the segregation of yellow pupils, some of the European newspapers quote the declaration that "all men are born free and equal," and say of it that it was originally meant to prove that the Americans were as good as the British, but it has never since availed to prove that anybody else is as good as the American. The Paris Figaro expects to see Japan institute a boycott, but believes that "sooner or later the United States and Japan will have to settle their accounts in the Pacific." The Frankfurter Zeitung foresees a boycott, or even worse, for "the Philippines present an enticing object to the eyes of Japan, and it is believed in the United States that Japan's mouth is watering for the islands." The English newspapers, friendly to both Japan and the United States, express the most soothing opinions. A noted French journalist hints that in the best interests of mankind some arrangement should be made for turning over to the yellow races the archipelagoes of the Pacific.

"Does Japan Think of War?" asks the San Francisco Argonaut. If so, the Japs would begin with a great advantage. Japan has in the Pacific eleven first-class and four second-class battleships; the United States has none. Japan has in the Pacific nine armored cruisers, the United States four; Japan seventeen protected cruisers, the United States five; Japan sixty-nine torpedo boats, the United States five. In the Atlantic Japan has no warships at all; the United States has eighty-four, of which seventeen are first-class battleships. As for preparedness, Japan is probably ready and the United States probably not. It will be remembered that when we declared war on Spain we had absolutely no powder. Since then we have added to our possessions and our responsibilities without apparently adding to our fortifications. We have spent some \$400,000,000 on the Philippine Islands, and yet we have not fortified them. We have coal at Manila and Honolulu, but as we have no guns to protect it, probably the Japanese would burn more of our coal than we would. Our flag floats over the Island of Guam, Midway Island, and the Alaskan Coast in the Pacific, but we have no guns on any of them. Manila is 1,700 miles from the Japanese naval base. It is about 11,000 miles from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Manila via Cape Horn. Our fleets would have to make a harder voyage than the Russian Baltic squadron did from Cronstadt to the Sea of Japan. We do not discuss the distance from California to Manila, for we have no warships there. Even if we had them, they would be considered necessary to protect our home ports. In 1898, Boston, Nantasket, New Bedford, Providence, New London, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, New York, Hoboken, Baltimore, Savannah, and Mobile all wanted all the battleships to protect them from Cervera's fleet. If Japan decided to fight us, she would probably do as she did with Russia, attack without warning and without a formal declaration of war. If she decided to attack us she would have at Manila fifteen or twenty battleships and armored cruisers before we knew that she had started. Before we could get a few regiments across the continent Japan could land fifty or sixty thousand men in the Philippines. And when our fleet arrived off Subig, Japan would be occupying Manila and be all ready to receive us warmly." But the San Francisco paper does not think Japan means war. It thinks the United States should be better prepared.

## The Strike Stopper.

THE duck who tickles my feet and makes me laugh is the wise guy who could settle the strike in a holy jumping minute.

He drags you out of harm's way, and when he gets you into a good safe retreat he takes you by the throat, and banging you up against a wall, talks thusly:

—But why should I inflict on the people I love (for I love my readers) this fellow's harangue?

He could settle this strike in just one-half second, but nobody will listen to him—but they won't listen to him—see?—understand?

He chews the end off his five-cent cigar and lets ashes fall on your overcoat. He says: "Scuse me, sir," and proceeds to sweep you off.

But I can't help liking this fellow. He isn't a union man; neither is he a strike-breaker; but he furnishes the note of comedy in this tragedy.

What tickles me is that he is so delightfully ignorant of the law and the centre of the thing.

If you happen to be a drinking man—which God forbid!—you will find him keeping the bar from falling over, and telling a charmed and interested audience how he would put an end to the strike.

If they applaud, if they agree with him, ten to one he will buy the drinks.

It makes him feel as a great politician must feel when he is buying booze for the thirsty electorate.

He has a happy consciousness of doing the right thing at the psychological moment.

And when he goeth away, with his little old cigar in the corner of his mouth, they all say:

"There's the duck who could settle the strike!"—The Khan in the Montreal Herald.

In driving through a certain part of New England where a number of writers have bought farms and made summer homes, writes Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, of Putnam's Monthly, I remarked to a farmer's wife who lived in their midst that there seemed to be a good many literary people in that neighborhood. "Yes," she replied, with a certain air of resignation, "there are quite a few—but we don't mind them." I wish that I could quote the tone of voice in which this remark was made. It was that more than the words—though the words are amusing enough, particularly as Mark Twain was one of the literary people to whom she alluded.

A proposition is being put forward by a number of newspapers in the West that British Columbia and Alberta should unite in the establishment of an interprovincial university, at a point near the boundary between the two provinces.



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## BOOKS

THE stormy scenes attendant upon the passage of the Reform Bill in England in 1831 are made use of by Stanley J. Weyman in his new novel, "Chippinge Borough," just published by MacMillan's, Toronto (\$1.50, cloth). It is a story of the Bill—Reform Bill—and Weyman, with his customary skill, makes of it a stirring narrative, and manages to interest the reader deeply in earnest men on one side and the other—for there were earnest men on both sides, striving with each other "to save England." One side sought to save it by putting an end to a despotism and averting a revolution; the other side sought to stamp out disaffection and save the country from anarchy. Those who have read other works by this author will not need to be told that the story has a capital plot, and plenty of action. Chippinge was one of the pocket boroughs that so much excited popular resentment. Sir Robert Vermuyden owned Chippinge, and controlled the right to send two members to Parliament—his family had exercised this right for three hundred years. Sir Robert conferred one seat on a friend, and sold the other for £2,500; there were thirteen voters composing the corporation at his pleasure, and to most of these he paid £30 per year. Nine of the thirteen votes belonged to the Vermuyden estate, and Sir Robert regarded the seats in Parliament as his property—as rightfully his own as the land his house stood upon.

The Bill was derisively described as "a bill for giving everybody everything," yet it proposed to abolish "a system so anomalous as to seem to us incredible—a system under which Gatton, with no inhabitants, returned two members, and Sheffield, with something like a hundred thousand inhabitants, returned none; under which Dunwich, long drowned under the North Sea, returned two members, and Birmingham returned none; under which the city of London returned four, and Lord Lonsdale returned nine; under which Cornwall, with one-fourth the population of Lancashire, returned three as many representatives; under which the South vastly outweighed the North, and land mightily outweighed all other property.

Moreover, in no two boroughs was the franchise the same, nor was this the worst. One man lived in a hovel and had a vote; his neighbor lived in a mansion and had no vote. And often the whole of the well-to-do townfolk were voteless. Then, while any man with five thousand pounds might buy a seat, nor see the face of a single elector, on the other hand, the poll might be held open for fifteen days, and a county election might cost two hundred thousand pounds. Bribery, forbidden in theory, was permitted in practice. The very Government bribed under the rose, and it was said that all that a man's constituents required was to be satisfied of the impurity of his intentions!

Yet men feared the overthrow of England in the overthrow of this system. The author recounts an interview between Sir Robert and his agent, Isaac White.

White coughed. "Dyas, the butcher—"

"What of him?"

"Well, Sir Robert, I am afraid he has been getting some queer notions into his head."

"Notions?" the baronet echoed in astonishment. And he stared.

"He has been listening to some one, and—thinks he has views on the bill."

Sir Robert exploded. "Views!" he cried. "Views! The butcher with views! Why, damme, White, you must be mad. Mad! Since when have butchers taken to politics, or had views?"

"I don't know anything about that, sir," White mumbled.

Sir Robert struck his stick on the step. "But I do! And I know this," he cried, "that for twenty years he's had thirty pounds a year to vote as I tell him. By gad! I never heard such a thing in my life! Never! You don't mean to tell me that the man thinks the vote's his own to do what he likes with?"

"I am afraid," the agent admitted reluctantly, "that that is what he's saying, sir."

Sir Robert fumed and swore and exclaimed, we would have tailors and bakers and candlestick-makers having views and voting for them next. "Well, well," and the chapter closes with the amazed and indignant baronet exclaiming "Well, well."

Men still living were boys in England when the great change took place—this revolution, not altogether bloodless, for there were riots, killings and hangings. Too few people in Canada have read the story of those days, and Weyman's novel gives a sketch of the times that will in-

terest and instruct those who shy at serious history.

A charming little gift-book is "Via Borealis," containing seven poems by Duncan Campbell Scott, and published by William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto. The poems were written this summer while Mr. Scott was on a canoe trip in Northern Ontario, and they are as fine and fragrant, every one, as we would expect this writer of charming verse to pen under such favoring circumstances. They breathe of "the pungent gloom" and those places "where morn falls cool on the soul, like sleep, and the nights are tranquil and tranced and deep." This Canadian poet seems to gain steadily in lyric power. This is evidenced in most of the poems selected for this little book. Certain of them, too, are rich in human feeling. "Via Borealis" is dedicated to Pelham Edgar, and its pages are tastefully decorated by A. H. Howard, R.C.A.

History is full of the names of novelists who would rather have been poets, and lyrists who would rather have been dramatists, but who only succeeded, when they tried to enter these fields, in being dreary. Gertrude Atherton confesses in "The Conqueror" that she started the book as a biography of Alexander Hamilton, but had to give up her plan and make a novel of it. She would rather have been a biographer, but had to be a novelist. Now she has been asked by The Sunday Magazine what work she would like most of all to have written, and she declares that she would like best to have penned "The Federalist," a work which some might think was not written precisely in the Gertrude Atherton manner. Several other authors are asked by the same magazine to name the works they wish they had written. Winston Churchill would rather have written some of Kipling's earlier short stories about India "than anything else in fiction." Booth Tarkington could think of several thousand books that he should most like to have written, but being pinned down to one, chooses "The Egotist," adding that no one could understand his reasons except a sympathetic reader of "The Egotist," and he "would require no explanation." Meredith Nicholson expands his "meanest envy and covetousness" upon Thackeray for his achievement of "Henry Esmond"; Harold MacGrath votes for "The Three Musketeers," selecting from a thousand and one reasons what is to him the chief, that he should then "have been the author of the most gallant hero in fiction—D'Artagnan."

Two women remain: one of these, Agnes C. Laut, chooses, "without a moment's hesitation," "the old Norwegian and other Northern sagas." The reply of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman contains even more of the element of surprise. She is puzzled to make a selection from "Lorna Doone," "Les Miserables," "Pan Michel," "Anna Karenina," also one or two of Thomas Hardy's, "The Scarlet Letter," "Vanity Fair," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham." She finally selects "Les Miserables," because "it is romantic, emotional, tragic, poetical, dramatic, and more than all, calculated to benefit humanity, by the creation of a hero which is second to none but the Christ—Jean Valjean."

Keats liked red pepper on his toast.

Dickens was fond of wearing jewelry.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat and was inordinarily proud of his feet.

Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair."

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet, holes were worn in the carpet.

Longfellow enjoyed walking only at sunset, and he said his sublimest moods came upon him at these times.

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

Darwin had no respect for books, and would cut a big volume in two for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse-chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism.—London Outlook.

Author—Could you give me an appropriate motto for my essay on sea voyage?

Traveller—Yes, "sic transit."—Baltimore American.

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## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

**Herodiade.**—August 17 brings you under the full influence of Leo, a fire sign, of which you show decided traits. You are buoyant, tenacious, inevitable, clear headed and of good sequence of ideas. A certain clean, incisive directness marks your methods, and you generally get and desire your own way. There is power thought, imagination and resource in your lines.

**Tempest.**—There is great decision and lack of tact in your lines. Possibly your extra emphasis may account for your failure to achieve popularity. It is the gentler and more diplomatic one who makes friends. January 6 brings you under Capricorn, a sign subject to great changes of temperament, sometimes gay, at other times despondent. Capricorners are often depressed without any apparent reason. Persons born under this sign adore intellect, and would prove eternal verities by mathematics. They should learn diligently of the higher spirituality and brighten and beautify their lives with its broad, hopeful inspiration. Simplicity in designs and tastes is good for you, and you should never be morbidly introspective.

**Caution.**—No one to consult with, you say, so you feel driven to ask my opinion. It's such an old old story, my girl—the man needing sympathy and encouragement, and the wife indifferent, and you full of sympathy for him and sitting in judgment on her. How do you know what has gone before to bring about this state of affairs? And do you live up to your nom de plume, or I see your finish. Sympathy with a woman against her husband, or vice versa, should be given only when one knows both sides. In the case you cite, I fancy you only know one. As to your being "his only comfort," that also is such an old story! Ca'anny, my lass, or you'll rue it. Your writing is susceptible and devoid of culture, unformed and material. Your sign, Taurus, does the stupidest things, well-meaning, but thick-headed.

**Le Bam.**—You are placid and amenable, sweet-tempered, buoyant, sen-

### NO COFFEE

The Doctor Said.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do.

No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own—often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An over-worked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago, as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in packages, is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

sible and just; love beauty and harmonious surroundings, are adaptable, thoughtful and sentimental.

**Kersteen.**—What shall I say? Your husband seems to have right on his side. You forgot the coupon! As to the "bully" accusation, you certainly have the dominant touch. But it's a charming, refined and attractive study.

**Wild Eelin.**—March 13 is a very good time to be born. The sign Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, gives some of the following characteristics: Deep capacity for affection, loyalty, unsuspicion, unselfishness, honesty and a detestation of coarseness and unclean word or thought. There is also great magnetism in many Pisces people, and almost universal intuition and mind reading; worry, anxiety and diseased imagination are the most formidable faults of this sign. The men are generally methodical and careful, the women wavering and uncertain, sometimes also extremely careless. One of the great faults of this sign is intellectual dishonesty. To ask a great many questions without heeding the answers, and to be generally over-eloquacious are Pisces faults. To efface oneself to aid another, even when not for that other's real good is a truly Pisces action. Reserve, thought, reticence, restraint in saying and giving, trust in a Higher Power and refusal to anticipate trouble, are means of Pisces salvation. Virgo (September 22 to September 23) is the best mate for Pisces. If the latter mates with Libra, who never can give reasons, or Sagittarius, who gives what he likes, and no more, the Pisces inquisitiveness and persistence always leads to quarrelling. It is, however, a most lovable sign, and its faults are only virtues gone to seed.

**Ferguson.**—Bright perception, but not brilliancy of expression, a short, decided method, love of power and the wish to rule, lack of discretion, some susceptibility, self-assertion, liberation and emphasis, not very good sequence of ideas, ambition, general rather than focussed, and an adaptable tone of mind are some of the marks in this slightly crude study.

**Come again.**—I don't think I'd worry about the sort of girl to marry just yet, if I were you. There is not a single line that speaks of the need of any worry on your part to settle down. January 21 brings you under Aquarius, with some of Capricorn's traits still ruling your nature. Aquarius people are said to be the strongest and weakest of the year. If a reasonably endowed Aquarius rightly recognizes and improves his qualities, he can rise to supreme heights of strength and usefulness. Equally can he be the most useless and unreliable of all creatures. You have not yet seized on this truth, but seem to have partially grasped its significance. Your sequence of ideas is good, and you are an optimist, though without the true inspiration, just generally buoyant and hopeful. Psychologically, you might develop great worth and power, if you trample upon procrastination, vacillation and caprice, and the temptation to the indolent to bury oneself under a routine of habit which leads to a gloomy and useless life. Good regard for appearances, sometimes overdone, a tendency to be swayed by the opinions of others, restlessness and indecision, the tendency to seek advice instead of working out things for oneself. These are what an Aquarius must learn to overcome. You are still developing, but I am glad to say there are signs of victory here and there, though plenty of battles still before you.

**Della Fox.**—I cannot give you the address of anyone who can read your future. For the location of such weird creatures you must consult the daily papers. Neither directly nor indirectly does this paper deal with them.

**Parke.**—Your wife is away, isn't she? Lane—Yes. "So is mine."

"Miss her? I should say I did. It's something fearful around the house. Miss yours?"

"Well, I can't say I do. I have wanted some time to myself for a year or so. Fact is, old man—you understand that this is in confidence?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, the fact is I'm having the time of my life. I'm doing a lot of things that I've wanted to do. I'm enjoying—actually revelling in solitude. It's great. But you know how it is, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do! Fact is, to be candid with you, I'm wild to get my wife back. Old man, I never knew before how much I thought of her. Why—understand, this is in the strictest confidence?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, sir, I realize now that I fairly worship the ground that woman walks on. Oh, how I miss her!"

"How strange! Perhaps I ought to feel that way. But I don't. Say, by the way, how long has your wife been away?"

"Three weeks—and yours?"

"Three days."—Life.

## A Man of Facts

"YOU are," he swore, "the sweetest, most lovable—"

"Oh, Willy!" she sighed (in content).

"—prettiest—"

"Oh, Willy!"

"—gracefullest—"

"Oh, Willy!"

"—and stylishest little thing that ever was."

"Why, I never did in all my days!"

And with a pretty little pout she sat down by him in the hammock.

He edged a bit nearer.

"Hang it," he exclaimed. "If there was only some way I could show my love and prove what I would do for you! Put on a suit of armor like these old knights and fight a dragon or something! Hang it!"

She encouraged him (with her eyes).

"Those men who died for love," said Willy. "Oh, how I envy them."

She put her little hand in his.

"And am I?" she whispered. "the first girl you ever loved? Really?"

"Absolutely!" he cried.

"You are sure?"

"Absolutely!"

"Positive?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Think now, Willy," she implored.

"Hasn't there been just one?"

"Never!"

"Not one?"

"Never!"

"Think now, Willy."

But Willy refused to think. He shut his eyes to the reproachful visions of Anita, Beatrice, Clara, Daisy, Evelyn, and all the way down to Isabelle and Zoe and cried "Never!" again.

(Quite passionately.)

She pressed his hand and whispered to the night. "I am so happy!"

From a neighboring house sounded a piano recital of "Auld Lang Syne," with soprano variations.

"I wish I could sing like that," she murmured.

(Looking at him.)

"Why, you sing twice as well as that."

She encouraged him. (Same old way.)

"Why, I could listen all night to your singing. It's something grand!"

Encouragement.

"And your 'Tell Me,' he exclaimed.

"Yes, Willy?"

"I could die listening to it!"

She pressed his hand again.

"Little hand!" breathed Willy hoarsely to the night. "Little, little hand! Why, I never saw such a little hand! Nobody ever did!"

"I wish I could dance better, though," she gently mourned.

Willy laughed in tender scorn.

"Why, you dance like a fairy!" he told her with vehemence. "Everybody says so!"

"Oh, Willy! No such thing!"

"You do so!" he urgently answered. She pressed his hand again.

"I began to light my pipe to-day," he said, "and somehow—some way—your dear, sweet face came before me and I threw the cigar away."

"The pipe, you mean."

"Yes, the pipe."

"Oh, Willy!" she breathed.

"And this afternoon I was selling a man a bill of goods, and he asked me a certain question, and I knew that if I told the truth I would lose his order, and I was just going to fib to him—"

"Oh, Willy!"

"—when your sweet face—"

"Willy," she breathed.

"—came before me and I just had to tell him the truth, and he said, 'Mr. Condon, thank you for telling me the truth,' and he—doubled—the—order!"

"Oh, wasn't that splendid!" she cried.

Behind them gleamed the silvery moon, so that their shadows fell before them like two silhouettes—a silhouette and a half—one silhouette.

And when at last he tore himself away, she said:

"Willy, as you stand there on the steps you look just like the picture of the hero in 'The Great Revenge.' Did you ever read it?"

"No," said William, looking grand and noble there on the steps; "I never have any time for fiction."—New York Sun.

"Fudge!" shouted the man from the Windy City. "I'm getting tired of all this talk of Chicago people eating pie with a knife."

"Yes," put in the St. Louis man, "they're always too blamed conceited."

"Conceited? Who?"

"Chicago people; they think they're the only ones that know how to eat pie."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Miss Summit—Can you tell me the time by your watch, Mr. Hardup?

Hardup (sadly)—Not before next week.—Exchange.

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## THE DRAMA



NAT GOODWIN  
The leading comedian, who comes to the Princess next week.

THE announcement of the engagement of Nat C. Goodwin, the leading American comedian, at the Princess next week, calls to mind that in all the years this favorite player has been before the public he has never produced a play that did not have upon it the stamp of cleanliness and wholesomeness. He has avoided the salacious French drama and farce, and steered clear of the so-called problem plays. He has mainly devoted his time and his art to those plays which deal with healthy-minded American men and women, believing that in the daily life of the average people there is enough comedy and tragedy without going into the social or sexual problems of the realists. All this is to Mr. Goodwin's credit. Mr. Goodwin will present three plays during his week's stay. On Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee he will present, for the first time here, his success of last season, "The Genius," a farcical play in three acts, by William de Mille. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings he will present that modern classic, "When We Were Twenty-One," and on Friday and Saturday nights he will produce, for the first time on this continent, a play by William Devereaux, entitled "What Would a Gentleman Do?"

Miss Roselle Knott appeared in Toronto at the Princess a few weeks ago, in her new play, "The Duchess of Devonshire," by Mrs. Charles Doremus, and the announcement that this charming Canadian actress will return to the Grand next week will no doubt be welcomed by local theatergoers.

A number of improvements are said to have been made in this play, which is one of the prettiest and most engaging ever presented here. "The Duchess of Devonshire" will run all next week at the Grand.

At Shea's next week the leading feature will be "The Gems," a condensed musical comedy. On the bill are also Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag, in "A Little of Everything"; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Adelmann, xylophone experts; Lucy and Lucier, presenting "A Fool's Errand"; Conn and Conrad, in "The Quiet Burglars"; Cooper and Robinson, and the Kaufman cyclists.

Warm welcome and high praise have everywhere greeted Mr. H. B. Irving on his first American tour, and this week Toronto theatergoers are delighted to contribute their share both of welcome and praise. Mr. Irving commenced his career as an actor in the effulgence, or in the shadow, as you will, of a great name. As the son of Sir Henry Irving, he was spared the long fight for mere recognition, such as most actors have to make, and which was made under many discouraging circumstances by his distinguished father. The public at the outset felt for the younger Irving a genial regard, and stood ready to hear him with kindness, perhaps tolerance. This attitude, however, is certain, eventually, to militate against a rising actor, who aims at greatness, more strongly than the harshest criticism or that deadlier thing, indifference. If H. B.

Irving had not displayed talent of a very high order he would have been "damned with faint praise" by the critics, and relegated to the mediocre ranks by the very kindness of the public. That he was possessed of high talent was soon recognized, and to-day, at the early age of thirty-six, he is conceded on both sides of the Atlantic to rank among the greatest English actors. His popularity in Canada, and certainly in Toronto, is assured. Personally, he is altogether likeable—modest of demeanor, quietly dignified, gracious, engaging.

On Monday night, at the Princess, the occasion of his first appearance here, the play given was "Mauricette," a translation by Mr. Irving of the French play, "Jeunesse," by M. Picard. "Mauricette" was preceded by "Markheim," adapted from a story by Robert Louis Stevenson. The other plays in the week's repertoire have been "The Lyons Mail," "Charles L.," and the one-act play, "King Rene's Daughter." Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have already been made familiar with the substance of these plays. They afford a wide range for the display of histrionic art, and it is difficult to speak in measured terms of praise of the manner in which Mr. Irving made the best of the opportunities they afforded him. In the gruesome one-act play, "Markheim," he created an at-

mosphere of eerie tragedy that was almost overstraining to the nerves. "Mauricette" is entirely charming, running from the most delightful comedy in the first act into a vein rarely delicate and touched with spirituality. In "The Lyons Mail," the old-time melodrama by Charles Reade, and a favorite with Sir Henry Irving, the actor puts himself to a severe test, the strain on his voice being unusually great. In this, as in his dignified presentation of "Charles L.," Mr. Irving is wonderfully fine. In every role, indeed, he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Irving's wife, Miss Dorothea Baird, tall, slender and charming, is exceptionally effective in the role of Mauricette, in which she is alluringly tender and sweet. The other members of the company are quite adequate in their support.

\*\*\*

They were rehearsing a new play, and everyone was nervous, for the first night was close at hand, says The Chicago Chronicle. The play was a tragedy, yet at its end the dying heroine as the curtain descended, said: "Three beers, please."

Those words concluded the play. Yet they were entirely out of keeping. The concluding words should have been, "I die, but, since I have saved you, I die happy," or something to that effect. A dramatic critic new to the business asked how it was that the tragedy ended with "Three beers, please," and the stage manager said: "Superstition. It is always thought bad luck in rehearsals of new plays to speak the last sentence before the opening night. He who has the last sentence to speak substitutes some meaningless phrase for it. If he dared to speak the true phrase the prospects of the play would be thought doomed."

"Some playwrights won't even write the last line of a play. They whisper it to the assembled company on its first reading, and from that day till the actual production the line is never again heard."

\*\*\*

H. G. Lonsdale, for six years one of E. S. Willard's leading players, has left that actor's company and has joined that of Nat C. Goodwin. Mr. Lonsdale played many leading characters in Mr. Willard's repertoire, and is well-known and highly popular in Toronto. His wife, Miss Alice Lonsdale, has been Mr. Willard's leading actress for some time past, and is still occupying that position. No reason is given for Mr. Lonsdale's change. In Mr. Goodwin's company he has already achieved a success in New York, as the art critic in "The Genius," with which Mr. Goodwin opens his engagement here at the Princess Monday night, and he has also scored a hit as the Soldier Man in "When We Were Twenty-One." Mr. Lonsdale has many friends in Toronto, who will extend a hearty welcome to him. In a letter he writes to a friend here he says he is "just as golf crazy as ever—only worse."

HAL.

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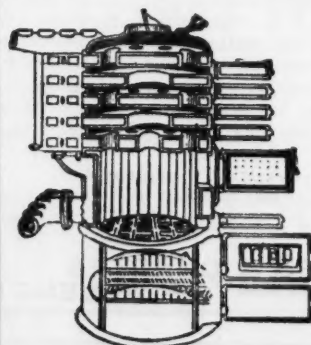
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**"OTTO HIGEL"**  
Piano Action



**M**ADAME SCHUMANN HEINK, who, in the absence of Scalchi, now holds the first position as a contralto in the estimation of the people of the United States and Canada, returned to Toronto on Wednesday evening, and gave a recital before a large assemblage of her admirers and the general musical public. Mme. Schumann-Heink never sang better in this city, with more mellowness and smoothness of voice, or more power of expression. Her selections were very choice, including three songs by Schubert, one each by Liszt, Hugo, Wolff, and seven by Brahms, in addition to two operatic arias by Rossi and Meyerbeer. She gave remarkable proof of her command of the resources of vocal art, concealing with great skill the transition from one register to another and producing a wonderful *mezza di voce*. Her gradual swelling of the tone, sustaining of it and then diminishing it to a faint echo can only be compared to the achievements of virtuoso violinists in this respect. Mme. Schumann-Heink rendered the Schubert "Wanderer" with a power of emotional expression that gave appropriate significance to every word. The same may be said about her "Du bist die Ruh," Wolff's "Heimweh" and Brahms' "Sapphic Ode." The Gypsy songs of Brahms were sung with most felicitous abandon and variety of mood. The audience gave her many enthusiastic demonstrations during the evening, which reached a climax after a superb performance of the Brindisi from "Lucrezia Borgia," which she gave as an encore. In this number the singer surprised her audience by an exhibition of her mastery of the trill or shake, which she executed with great ease and clear definition. Mme. Schumann-Heink was assisted by Miss Helen Schual as solo pianist and accompanist, who proved herself to be an accomplished artist of uncommon technical ability. Her numbers were the Liszt Rhapsody, No. 8, the Liebestraum of Liszt and the "Hochzeitstag" of Grieg.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the singer with the phenomenal high-range soprano, who came here in 1896, is announced to reappear at Massey Hall on Monday evening, December 10. It is said that her voice has gained much in breadth, while as an artiste she has surprisingly developed.

At the concert of the Women's Musical Club, on December 6, at which Mme. Katharine Fisk will be the vocalist, the Toronto Ladies' Trio—the Misses Eugenie Quehen, Lina Adamson and Lois Winlow—will play trios by Tchaikovsky and Godard.

Mrs. Fletcher Copp of Boston, the originator of the Fletcher Music Method, which has revolutionized existing methods of teaching music, arrives in the city Monday next, December 3, and staying until Saturday following, during which time she will be open for interviews at the King Edward Hotel. She will lecture on the Fletcher Music Method in the Normal School theater on Monday, December 3, at 8 p.m., in the King Edward School, Bathurst street, on Tuesday, December 4, at 3 p.m., and in the Bible Training School, 110 College street, on Friday, December 7, at 11.20 a.m., to all of which lectures the public are cordially invited.

The following remarks from the New Music Review of New York will be of interest in musical circles throughout Canada: "A review of the last few months' activities of the Toronto College of Music, reflects much to the credit of the Dominion in the line of musical progress and affords an example fit to be emulated by all who are interested in the rudimentary and secondary stages of musical education, as well as by those connected with advanced courses of music study. In the results of the annual examinations, the scope of the piano department was naturally the most extensive; the well-graded course, consisting of the primary, first, second and third examinations, with three classes in each, i.e., first-class honors, honors and pass. Glancing over the results, the proportion of those taking first-class honors and pass is as 3, 2, 1. The other departments of the examinations, comparatively, show a smaller number of candidates, but honors were in every case more in evidence than pass standing. The college also awards teachers' certificates and diplomas (A.T.Coll.M.) and scholarships are donated by two prominent business firms, Messrs. Mason & Risch and Messrs. Heintzman & Co. The highest and most sought after distinction are the Torrington gold medal for piano and the Torrington gold medal for solo singing. These were awarded this year to Miss Dollie Blair of Toronto and Miss Katherine Ellis of Toronto Junction. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Bac., is the musical director of the college, and at the annual concert in Massey Hall, on October 29, his pupils, with one exception, were the soloists, every number being presented with full orchestral accompaniment, and the programme bearing witness to the high standard of the work undertaken by the Toronto College of Music.

A faculty concert is to be given in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, on Wednesday, December 5, at eight o'clock, by Miss Eveline Ashworth, soprano; Miss Constance Veitch, cellist; and Miss Mary Elder Bullen, pianist, assisted by Miss Helen Victoria Luttrell, elocutionist, pupil of Mrs. Scott Raff.

On Thursday evening, December 6, the choir of St. Giles Presbyterian Church, Oak street, will give a service of praise, assisted by the following: Miss M. Magson, mezzo soprano; Dr. J. W. Armstrong, tenor; Mr. Kenneth Metcalfe, baritone soloist of Dunn Avenue Methodist Church. There will be a silver collection in aid of the choir fund. Mr. E. Harris is organist and conductor.

A very successful concert was given on Friday evening in the Kew Beach Presbyterian Church by the choir of Annette Street Church, Toronto Junction, under the leadership of Mr. Wilber Horner. A bright programme was rendered, consisting of choruses by the choir, interspersed with violin solos by Mr. Arnold, songs by Mrs. Wilber Horner and instrumental duets by Miss Edgar and Mr. Leslie Horner. The chorus work was of much merit, the attacks, phrasing and enunciation showing careful preparation. After the concert, refreshments were tendered the visitors by the Kew Beach ladies.

Dr. Humphrey Anger will deliver a lecture this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock at the Conservatory of Music, on "The Modern Enharmonic Scale," as the basis of the chromatic element in music. The event is under the auspices of the Toronto Glee Club.

Mr. W. H. Hewitt, Mus. Bac., gave a very interesting recital on the new organ of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening of last week. His programme, which included recognized standard compositions for the instrument, also embraced transcriptions of the overture to "William Tell" and Chaminade's Pastorale in F. The special organ music consisted of Bach's St. Anne's Fugue, Widor's Andante Cantabile from the Fourth Symphony, Wolstenholme's Cantilene, Alfred Hollins' Intermezzo in D flat, Dubois' "Fiat Lux" and Wely's March in E flat. Mr. Hewitt played with fine musical insight and with skilful technical execution. The overture of Rossini was brilliantly rendered, and judiciously registered. On the whole, Mr. Hewitt displayed the organ to advantage. The vocalist was Mr. Hartwell de Mille, baritone, who revealed an excellent voice and good style in two sacred selections.

A characteristic and delightful evening of Scottish song and recitation was given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening before an enthusiastic audience by Miss Iona Robertson and Miss Janet Duff, both artists from "auld Scotia." Miss Robertson has an engaging, mellow soprano, well cultivated, and sings with much charm and significance of expression. As a reciter she is equally accomplished. Miss Duff has a warm-colored, strong contralto voice, and her rendering of old Scottish songs aroused the audience to enthusiasm. The two artists are on tour of Canada and the United States, and their visit to Toronto was the result of the enterprise of Mr. William Campbell, manager of the Canadian Musical Bureau. They enjoy a wide reputation throughout Great Britain as Scottish entertainers.

How would Brahms sound if translated into literature? Mr. Leonard Lieblich thinks the following sentence from a recent essay by Henry James answers that question: "One may as cheerfully as possible record one's awareness of several ladies in several cities who really

articulate and who approximately soothe; one may even cherish the memory of several (and, oh, indeed, that one here could gratefully name!) whose lips positively do confer an emitted sound the essence of urbanity and the principle of sweetness, yea, almost of distinction; one may do these things—or even glance at sections of the country in which, roughly speaking, our afflictions more heavily or more lightly tread—without touching for a moment the heart of one's contention."

It is settled definitely that the famous Vienna Male Chorus will visit the United States in April, 1907. The itinerary at present is projected to include New York, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Indianapolis. The proceeds of the concerts to be given in those cities will be donated to local Austro-Hungarian and other charities. Two hundred singers will make up the chorus, which pays its own expenses.

The musical service to be given in Bloor street Baptist Church on Sunday evening next, December 2, will be one of exceptional interest. The choir, under the direction of H. F. Pickard, organist and choirmaster, will sing the sacred cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," by Maunders, in which are recalled some of the last incidents in the Savior's life on earth. The soloists will be Mabel Manley Pickard, soprano; Rhond Jamison, baritone, and George Dixon, tenor.

Saint-Saens' opinion of Gounod, which may be found in a chapter in his "Portraits and Souvenirs," is of great interest. The two men were intimate friends, though they were born seventeen years apart, Gounod in 1818, Saint-Saens in 1835. The latter speaks of Gounod with gratitude as "a master who, already in full possession of his powers, did not disdain to make me—though I was still a mere student—the confidant of his most intimate artistic thoughts, and to pour his knowledge into my ignorance. He discussed with me as with an equal; and it is thus that I became, if not his pupil, yet his disciple, and that I succeeded in shaping myself after his shadow, or rather, after his clearness."

An interesting recital was given at Kingsthorpe School, Hamilton, on the afternoon of November 23, by Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Rosedale, Toronto. This gifted singer possesses an excellent contralto voice, which is being admirably developed under the instruction of Miss H. Ethel Shepherd of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Shepherd's natural ability and wide experience, both on this continent and abroad, combine to place her in a prominent position in the vocal world, and among her most recent laurels Miss Kemp's charming programme may well be included. Miss Kemp sang with artistic skill and purity of style and greatly delighted the audience of music-lovers who had assembled to hear her.

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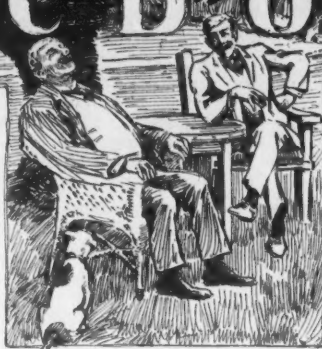
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# ANEC DOTAL



A society which disseminates moral literature once sent a railway manager a large number of free tracts to place in the waiting-rooms. One was entitled "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The letter which the moral literature society received in reply declined the tracts. "We cannot place the tracts," wrote the manager, "as the N. J. is not on our system."

"If they refuse to allow us to harness Niagara," said the great trust promoter, "we shall go over and harness Vesuvius." "Great craters!" exclaimed the assistant. "What earthly use could we make out of Vesuvius?" "Why, we could run a pipe line under the Atlantic pump the hot lava to America and heat the whole country. The Coal Trust would be a back number."

A Wall street man once suddenly evinced a great interest in nautical matters, and despite his inexperience was made the commodore of a yacht club in Maine. One day the newly fledged yachtsman shouted to an officer of a certain craft: "Have you weighed anchor?" "Yes, sir," "Then," thundered the new commodore, "why the deuce don't you announce the weight?"

Martha's mistress often boasts of her readiness of resource. "The best nursemaid in town," she calls her. One day she came home from a drive, to be confronted with the startling news that the baby had swallowed a button. "And what did you do, Martha?" she asked in some anxiety, although trusting that it had been the right thing. "Why," said Martha, "I made him swallow a buttonhole right away!"

In a field off a Surrey lane approached a perfect specimen of the peasant, slouch-hatted and smocked. He was leading by the hand a boy of about ten, obviously a town-bred youngster. They paused for a moment. "What's those, gran'pa?" asked the boy, pointing to a cluster of berries in the hedge. "Them be blackberries, my boy," "Blackberries! Why, they're red!" "Red! Of course they be red! Don't you know, boy, that blackberries be always red when they're green?"

The son of a wealthy London merchant was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine. After some time the merchant went up to the Scottish city to see his son. While out "doing the sights," the father, pointing to a large cannonaded building, asked the son what it was. He replied: "Well, father, I really do not know. I have such little time for sightseeing." On meeting a policeman and asking the same question, they were told: "That building, sir, is the School of Medicine." Needless to describe, the father's feelings and expression.

Rider Haggard, the author of "She," is telling a good story apropos of that novel. Not long ago he heard that a ballet, based on his romance, was to be produced at Budapest, and he wrote, asking for programmes and photographs. He received a letter in reply from the manager, saying that he had believed that the illustrious author was dead, as obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian newspapers. Mr. Haggard wrote again, and asked that the report of his death might be contradicted, but the manager replied that the editors refused to publish the contradiction, as they believed it to be a mere dodge to advertise the ballet.

President Arthur Hadley of Yale has a couple of sons who inherit a good deal of genius and independent thought of their father. One morning Mrs. Hadley got up and went into the bathroom and found her

youngest, aged about five, busy sailing tin swans and fish in the bathtub, guiding them with a magnet. She gathered up the toys and told the youngster that he must defer his amusement, as his papa wanted to take his bath. The youngster submitted with bad grace, but went out in the street. Presently he met a lady. "Do you want to know something?" he remarked. "The president of Yale College won't have any bath this morning. Do you want to know why? 'Cause I have got the plug to the bathtub in my pocket, and it's going to stay there, see?"

There is a story of a gentleman who, upon visiting Mount Vernon, came across a lady kneeling before a building quite a distance from the Washington Monument. "Are you in trouble?" he asked her. "No, sir," she replied; "thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of his Country." "I quite understand," he said, kindly; "but, madam, you have made a mistake. That is not the tomb of Washington; it is over yonder. This is the ice-house." Quickly ceasing her weeping, the lady rose and moved away.

A well-known Allegheny clergyman recently spoke at a religious service in the penitentiary in Woods Run. He noticed that one of the convicts seemed extraordinarily impressed. After the service he sought him out and continued the good work by remarking: "My friend, I hope you will profit by my remarks just now and become a new man." "Indeed I will!" was the cheerful reply. "In fact, I promise to you that I will never commit another crime, but will lead an exemplary life to my dying day." "I am very glad to hear you say that," said the clergyman, "but are you certain you will be able to keep the promise?" "Oh, yes," said the convict. "I'm in jail for life."

A San Franciscan was talking about the humorist, Jerome K. Jerome. "I crossed the Atlantic with Mr. Jerome," he said, "the last time he visited America. There was on board an information fiend—one of those bores with a lot of information on tap about everything under the sun—and Mr. Jerome had a horror of him. As we leaned over the rail one morning the information fiend joined us. 'Gentlemen,' he said, pompously, as he waved his hand out over the great expanse of water, 'if the earth were flattened out, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.' 'Well,' said Mr. Jerome, 'if you catch any man flattening out the earth shoot him on the spot, for I can't swim.'"

Years ago Tom Reed, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, went into a barber's shop in Washington to be shaved. After the darkey barber had scraped his chin, he began to cast about for further work or for a chance to sell hair tonics. "Hair pretty thin, huh," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate. "Been that way long, huh?" "I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure." The barber gasped and said no more. Later someone told him he had shaved the Speaker. "Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuf!"

Dr. William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, relates an incident in one of his books, which illustrates the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions. A young foreigner one day visited a physician, and described a common malady that had befallen him. "The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before 'breakfast' every morning." "Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it," said the patient. Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning. The patient took his leave, and in a week he returned. "Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked. Worse

doctor; worse, if anything," was the reply. "Ahem! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?" "I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up mor'n ten minutes at a stretch."

An agent of a life-insurance company one day received a call from a venerable but sprightly old chap who wanted to take out a policy, but his response to the first question put him was sufficient to spoil his chances. "How old are you?" was the question. "Eighty-five," said the veteran. Whereupon the manager, with a laugh, observed: "Why, my dear sir, no insurance company would take such a risk!" "Suppose I had been fifty?" suggested the old chap. "In that case, of course—" "Well," triumphantly interjected the elderly gentleman, "I've been reading the table of vital statistics issued by your office, and I find that twice as many people die at the age of fifty as at the age of eighty-five. So, sir, you must admit that I'm a good risk."

Soon after Justice Brewer's elevation to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, a cigar maker in Topeka, Kansas—Justice Brewer's own State—dedicated a ten-cent domestic cigar to the Justice, named it "Our Justice," and on the box pasted a portrait of Justice Brewer. A few years ago the Justice was in Topeka on a business trip. The hotel clerk recognized him; and the negro bell-boy, although he had no idea who the newcomer was, knew from the way he was ordered about that the patron was of some consequence. Going up in the elevator, the negro stared constantly at the tall, dignified man. Suddenly the black face was wreathed in smiles, and the boy said: "Scuse me, Boss, but ain't you de gemmen dat invented dem 'Ouah Justice' cigars?"

Frederick G. Latham, Charles Dillingham's general stage director, late of London, and now of Manhattan, got his first opportunity to see what a New York election night mob was like on the night of the Hearst-Hughes struggle. Innocently, at about the hour the returns began to come in, Mr. Latham, in evening clothes—silk hat and all the other complements of the code—proceeded to stroll from his New York home—the Lamb's Club—on West Forty-fourth street, to the Knickerbocker Theater, at Thirty-eighth street and Broadway, where one of his charges, "The Red Mill," with Montgomery and Stone, is playing. When the British Mr. Latham turned into Times Square and encountered there the ten thousand celebrants who, with horns, feather ticklers and other paraphernalia of noise and play, had gathered to root for their several candidates, he halted in honest amazement. "My word!" he exclaimed. And just then the fastidiously-clad Mr. Latham, and proceeded to get busy, one plumping a bouquet of feathers full in his face, another puffing charcoal in his starboard ear, and a third beating a tattoo on the crown of his silk hat. In reporting his experience at the theater later, Mr. Latham concluded with the remark: "You Americans are a great people, I know, but I am sure I shall never be able to quite understand all your ideas of fun!"

Eugene Cowles saved two women bathers from drowning last summer in Lake Memphremagog. In making this rescue Mr. Cowles bruised his arm—it struck a rock as he dived in. Pointing to the scar the actor said: "When I got that bruise I felt like a young Chicagoo named Little-dale, who played with me in amateur theatricals in my early youth. Littledale, in one of our shows, had to leap into a river in order to escape from a wild beast. The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale was to leap and disappear, striking a soft mattress in the wings, and at the same time a rock was to be dropped in a tub of water to create a splash. But, though the leap worked all right in rehearsal, on the night of the actual performance it went wrong. There was neither mattress nor tub there. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash loud enough to wake the dead, and there was no splashing water to drown the crash, by Jove. The audience, expecting to hear a splash, and hearing instead the thunderous impact of Littledale's bones on the oak, set up a titter. But the heroic Littledale, equal to the occasion, silenced them. 'Heavens!' he shouted from below, 'the water's frozen!'"

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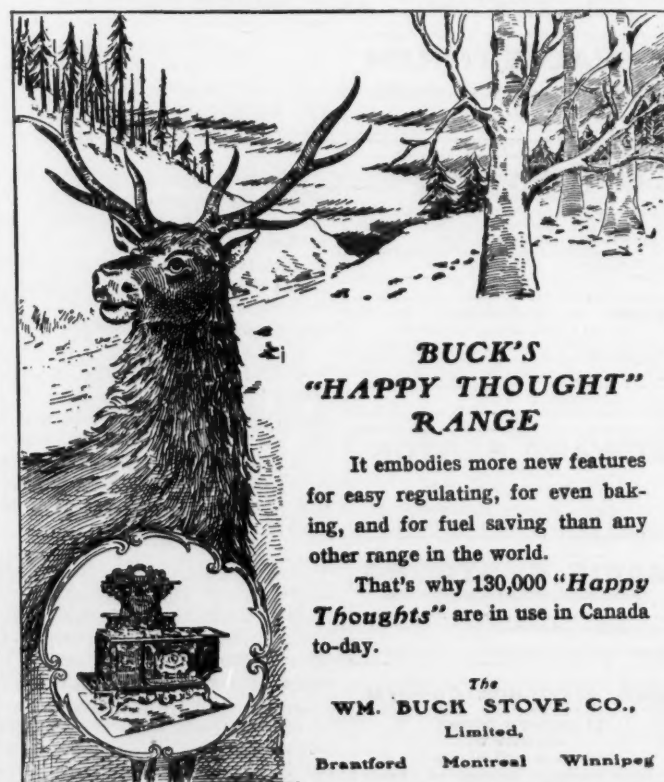
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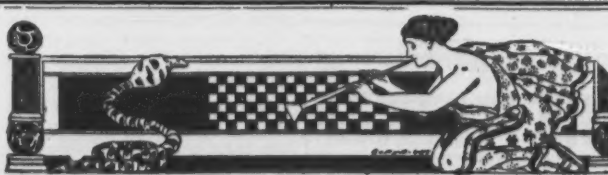
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## MR. DOOLEY ON THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

A new series of "Mr. Dooley" articles will begin in Saturday Night next week.

BY F. P. DUNNE

"T'S an old saying, an' a thrue wan," said Mr. Dooley, "that Chris'mas comes but wanst a year." "An' whin it comes," said Mr. Hennessy, "it brings good cheer."

"What a mim'ry ye have fr th' potes," said Mr. Dooley. "Well, what ye say is almost akelly thrue with what I say. Chris'mas comes but wanst a year, an' they ain't anny other time like it. All th' rest iv th' year, fish days an' feast days, holy days an' unholy days, all th' wuruld is in a clinch. A gran' rasslin' match is goin' on in ivry corner iv th' civy-lyzed globe. We're all in a tangle, fightin', quarrelin', robbin', plundhrin', or murdhrin', accordin' to our tastes. I thrust no man. No, I won't go that far. I'll say I pretend ivry man is honest, an' I believe none iv thim ar-re. In that way I keep me frinds an' save me money. Nobody thrusts me. Down th' stairs, through th' kitchen, an' into th' parlor we go, all over th' house, strikin' high or low, no holds barred, no blows foul. It's what Hogan calls th' struggle fr existence, an' it'll always go on while there's a dollar in th' wuruld, a woman or a ribbon to wear in our coats. We've frgotten ivrything else but poundin' th' man undher us, or kneecin' th' man on top iv us, whin suddenly we hear a voice: 'Gintlemen, gentlemen, not before th' childer.' An' we get up an' brush th' dust off our clothes an' shake hands, pretendin' it was all fun. Th' kids have come in."

"That's what Chris'mas is for, Hinnessy. But fr that wanst twenty-four hours, whin there's a white flag up, an' th' worst inimy I have, or th' worst frind, cud come within stone's throw iv me without fear, we'd die iv exhaustion. It's like a thrue between two armies, whin th' boys get together on th' picket line, swap dhrink an' tobacky, tell stories until twelve o'clock, an' thin go back an' shoot at each other."

"But ye can't injye Chris'mas onless ye've got th' Chris'mas feelin'. I can't just tell ye what it is, but it's as rare as annything that we talk an' fight about th' rest iv th' year. It's as rare as th' rate bill, th' tariff or th' Ph'lipens. I niver seen anny iv thim things, though I've taken me life in me hands manny a time fr an' again thim. It's a good deal more rare to me fr I can feel it, an' I can see it. As me mind runs on Chris'mas day I'll vote fr no man fr presidint who stands on anny other platform but to uphold thim principles fr which manny thousands iv American citizens have almost been cremated thryin' to play Santy Claus."

"Chris'mas brings good cheer, says ye, an' ye're right. Lasteways ye're part right. Th' thruth is ye can't injye it onless ye have th' Chris'mas spirit, an' ye can't have th' Chris'mas spirit on Chris'mas onless ye've had it th' rest iv th' year. Ye must have it, but ye mustn't show it. I'd advise ye not to. If people knew ye had th' Chris'mas spirit at other times they'd take away ivry thing else ye had. They'd say to thimselves: 'This fel-

late. On th' other side don't regylate it be th' Chris'mas spirit iv old Pluckem, who let his run down thirty years ago, pawned it fr a morgedged on his cousin's house, an' niver got it out till it was no use at all. Whin Pluckem uses th' Chris'mas spirit now it makes people mad. I've seen a man hit him with a turkey."

"The fellow who's niver had it or has lost it, or give it away in exchange fr something else, he has th' hard time iv it. Fr three hundred an' sixty-four days iv th' year he has his way. He's as good as anny other man, even better, fr he has no weakness, an' no matter how hard th' others fight they know they have a soft spot that he may reach. While they're blockin' an' thryin' to protect th' Chris'mas spirit, he may send over his wicked right to th' point iv th' pocket book."

"On th' night iv Decimber twenty-fourth he stands at th' head iv his class. He's champeen iv th' wuruld. All th' purses an' stakes an' champeenship belts belongs to him. He has his pitchers in th' pa-pers, an' as he goes by with his watch chain clankin' on th' dimon buttons iv his vest, th' neighbors point him out with cries iv rage. On th' mornin' iv Chris'mas day he's up arly an' out in th' sunshine. There's nawthin' fr him to do, because th' banks ar-re all closed. No wan gives him th' attin-tion he likes. Nobody looks at him respectfully as if they'd like to kill him, but don't dare to. Ivrybody is thryin' to seem happy. Th' polisman on th' beats feels that this is wan day whin he can be polite without endangerin' his life, an' is chattin' merrily with his old inimy, th' lootinant iv thruck nine. Th' saloon-keepers who have holly an' mistletoe, hang it out an' those that haven't hang out a Tom and Jerry sign. Th' grocery-man has prettily dhraped th' box iv dhrried apples with macaroni an' put a jar iv preserves on top iv the mountain iv canned corn in th' window. He is supposed to be a stingy man, an' is most iv th' year, but now he's givin' away th' bad oranges he was thryin' to saw off on his customers yisterdah. A good manny people who niver smiled before ar-re grinnin'. Even th' motorman looks less like a millyonaire automobilist an' more like a human bein' that's paid to commit murder. If Pluckem looks into anny iv th' little houses he owns he'll see a man that threw a brick at him last week, settin' in his shirt sleeves sewing sthrings iv pop-corn fr a Chris'mas three."

"Maybe he meets Father Kelly comin' down th' sthreet firin' broadsides iv 'Merry Chris'mas.' Chris'mas box on ye' to wan side or another like a man-iv-war in action. 'What's all this about?' says Pluckem. 'Don't ye know,' says Father Kelly, 'Tis th' Chris'mas spirit. Haven't ye got anny iv it?' 'Ne'er a bit,' says Pluckem. 'Where can I buy some?' he says. 'I'm sorry,' says Father Kelly, 'but there's none in th' market,' he says. 'Th' whole issue was over subscribed long ago, an' th' raysults,' he says, 'have been so satisfactory that no wan will let go his holdin',' he says. 'Well, 'tis sthrange,' says Pluckem, 'but this is th' first bit iv undherwritin' I've missed in a long time,' he says. 'How did it happen?' he says. 'Ye weren't left out,' says Father Kelly. 'I offered ye a chanst to subscribe th' day I passed th' hat fr Casey, th' cobbler, whin he lost his leg. Ye didn't think it looked like a good thing,' he says. 'Who got most iv it?' says Pluckem. 'I don't know,' says Father Kelly. 'I got some fr meself an' me good frinds put me in fr some more. Hinnessy got a large block an' I guess he's got it yet, fr he hasn't used much iv it. Dooley was a large subscriber, but th' reckless fellow prob'ly has used up most iv his. I think th' largest owner is Casey himself,' he says. 'He got an enormous block whin he didn't shoot ye fr evictin' him, an' he's been pickin' it up steadily ivry day while he pegs away at th' half soles, an' I guess he's th' richest man in Ar-rhey road to-day, an' th' poorest tomorrow,' says Father Kelly. 'I suppose I'm th' poorest to-day,' says Pluckem. 'Can't I get even a little? Cud dent ye spare me about two bits' worth to get a night's lodgin'?' says he. 'Now look here, me man,' says Father Kelly. 'As I've often heard ye say, I've gr-reat sympathy with th' deservin' poor, but I'll not pauperize people,' he says. 'A great, hulkin' good-fr-nawthin' like ye that has been loafin' away his time makin' Money while his poor wife slaved night an' day to acquire enough iv th' Chris'mas spirit so that th' childer cud go out on Chris'mas day without bein' ashamed, deserves no pity. I'll give ye no alms,' he says, 'an' if ye don't take yeersail off in a hurry I'll call a polisman an' have ye locked up in th' First Naylor Bank,' he says. 'Ye're a dangerous charackter to be



## The Well Dressed Man

Tuxedo Dress Suits might be termed formal evening wear. Yet Full Dress Suits are the formal evening dress.

Not so many years ago the full dress suit was worn at every function after sundown and all else was taboo.

With the growth of club and hotel life and the multiplication of theatres, dining places, and other resorts of light amusement there arose a well defined need for a mode of dress midway between formal and informal, and yet being not quite either.

While men look their best in a full dress coat, few would care to lounge in a stiff collar, a starched shirt and a tail coat.

Thus the Tuxedo coat was introduced, and its popularity is a tribute to its genuine comfort.

The Tuxedo can never take the place of ceremonious evening wear.

The presence of ladies at any function after dark is generally recognized as a formal affair calling for the full dress coat.

Tuxedo dress is not good form for the dance, the dinner, the reception or the ball. It is not permissible for the opera,

though it may be correct for the play—dramatic. The opera rises to the dignity of a social function. The play, however, and especially the light comedy now so much in vogue, is decidedly informal in character.

The Tuxedo suit finds its most popular vogue at the club, the stage, or the bachelor dinner where only men are present.

Also in good form is the Tuxedo for a family gathering in one's own house where everybody knows everybody else very well and where an intimate and laissez faire spirit prevails. Again, where an invitation to dinner says "to dine most informally."

The regulation Tuxedo jacket for this season is single breasted and slightly shaped to the figure, following in the essentials the cut of the Semi-ready sack coat.

One can always feel perfectly at home in a Semi-ready Tailoring House. We try to make a customer know that his inclinations and wishes must prevail, and that our knowledge and experience is at his service whether he wishes to buy or enquire.

Semi-ready full dress suits, silk faced, \$25, with either full dress coat or Tuxedo jacket. \$5 extra for silk lining throughout. The price includes waistcoat and trousers.

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"Gintlemen, gentlemen—not before th' childer!"

low looks sthrong, but he ain't. He has a fatal defect. He's afflicted with th' Chris'mas spirit, which unfits him fr th' crool sthruggle iv existence. Let's take his watch. 'Tis better to give thin to rayceive, says th' good book. Mind ye, is says better, not more nachral. It ain't nachral to do anyether. It's aissier to keep thin to give, an' more sportin' to take away thin to rayceive. That's human nature, me boy."

"So if ye've got anny iv th' Chris'mas spirit in ye keep it dark. But don't frget ye have it, an' don't let it run down. Wind it up ivry night before ye go to bed afther ye've counted ye'er money. Test it to see if it's goin' right. Compare it with some wan else's Chris'mas spirit. It may be r-runnin' too fast or too slow. Don't set it be th' Chris'mas spirit iv Father Kelly, who keeps his a year or two ahead, so that he won't iver be

at large on Chris'mas day,' he says."

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnessy. I see be th' pa-aper undher ye'er ar-rin that ye have th' Chris'mas spirit. Th' poor nearly have it. Ye can't undherstand givin' or rayceivin' onless ye undherstand want. If a rich man give ye a prisint he'd give ye a bar'l iv flour, because he thinks that's what ye want. But it isn't. It's what ye need. What ye want is a stovepipe hat. I'm glad to see ye takin' home a set iv boxin' gloves to Packy. He needs a pair iv shoes, but if ye give him a pair iv shoes on Chris'mas day I'd spurn ye'er acquaintance."

"It costs money," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm sometimes glad it comes but wanst a year."

"So does Wash'nton's birthday," said Mr. Dooley, "but I niver cud feel th' same about it."

"There goes a woman with a history," remarked the clerk in a bookstore, as a lady passed out at the front door. "How do you know?" queried the proprietor. "Because," explained the clerk, "I just sold it to her."—Chicago Daily News.

How Kruger's Prayer was Answered.

THE recent unveiling of a monument over the grave of the late Paul Kruger in Pretoria is taken by The Youth's Companion as an occasion for relating several interesting anecdotes of the unfortunate Boer patriot. Says this paper:

The once supreme figure of the African republic is now remembered more for his mistakes than for his achievements. Fate dealt hardly with the old ruler, who played so great a part in the making of a sturdy nation. Death found him not even a citizen of the country of which he had been president. He died in exile, his land in subjection to a foreigner. Imperious and domineering, he went out of life a beaten man.

Kruger possessed a Bismarckian gift for blunt and vivid phrases.

"Go back and tell your people never, never!" he said to a deputation. "And now let the storm burst. Protest! Insist! What is the use? I have the guns!"

"My friends," he once began a

speech; then, perceiving some "out-

landers" in the audience, he added: "But you are not all my friends; some are thieves and murderers. Well—friends, thieves, and murderers!"

The President was a curious mixture of piety and shrewdness. A story is told of an incident which occurred in his earlier days.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party to hunt the hartbeest. They scoured the veld for days without a sign of their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped, in less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boer hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kafir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition, told the truth of the affair.

Kruger, when he left the hunting party, had struck out for a neighboring Kafir kraal, and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they, the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kafir. The natives, being sore afraid of the Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the game to the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered.

Reginald's mother is a society leader. This was evident from his written work in school. The task was to give synonyms for a list of words, one of which was "faction."

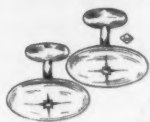
Reginald wrote: "Faction is a small party. Function is a large one or reception."—Harper's Weekly.

"Here's something about the Dutch stealing one of the Philippine Islands. I wonder what Uncle Sam will do about it?"

"Well, it would serve them right if he refused to take it back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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One kind is in 14k. gold, bars and all, dull finish, strongly made, set with brilliant blue white diamond, pair - - 15.25

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## SOCIAL and PERSONAL



THE LATE MR. ROBERT NELSON GOOCH  
(See Page 4).

The marriage took place on Thursday evening, November 15, 1906, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. W. Beard, Pine avenue, Montreal, of Miss Hildegard Beard to Mr. George B. Burland, Rev. Canon Elgoode officiating. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Lomer Beard. Only immediate relatives were present, including Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffrey H. Burland, Dr. and Mrs. Ami (Ottawa), Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Curtis, Mr. Watt Burland, Miss Maude Burland, Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, Mr. G. H. Burland (Ottawa), Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, Mr. G. E. Valleeau (Ottawa), Miss D. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bull, Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Lane, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Smith, Dr. McPhail, Mr. and Mrs. Lomer Beard, Mr. B. L. Beard, Miss Ida Beard, Mrs. J. A. Derrom, Mr. M. D. Beard (Toronto), Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Lomer and the Misses Lomer, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lomer and the Misses Lomer, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schultze and the Misses Schultze. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Joshua G. Beard, Sr., formerly Mayor of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Burland have left for California, where they will spend the winter.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Moscrip and the officers of the 28th Regiment gave a ball for the opening of the Armouries in Stratford on Thursday night. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabey went down for the event. The Armouries in Chatham will soon be completed, and I presume a ball will be on the tapis there. Lieutenant-Colonel Rankin commands the 24th, the Chatham Regiment.

The Woman's Musical Club and their friends are all on the qui vive for the visit of Katherine Fisk, the great American contralto, who seems to come, sing and conquer in all countries. A critic says: "Handsome, well groomed and gracious, her social triumph has been as conspicuous as her artistic success. Katherine Fisk will sing next Thursday night in the Conservatory Music Hall, giving a vocal recital under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club.

Honorable Chief Justice Falconbridge laid the corner-stone of the Carnegie Library building on Tuesday afternoon, and its classic outlines will soon arise where for so many years the Perkins homestead has stood on the northwest corner of St. George and College streets.

The faculty and students of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons hold their eleventh annual At Home on December 14 in the Temple Building.

A pleasant afternoon was spent on Tuesday by some distinguished visitors to Canada, and a number of Toronto artists in the studio of Mr. L. W. Clemens. Two very interesting addresses were given on subjects of Art, after which an opportunity was afforded to study Mr. Clemens' work in water-colors, which was very much admired.

Mrs. James Pringle and Miss Pringle, formerly of Rose avenue, are settled in their new home, 1045 College street, and will receive Tuesday, December 4, from four to seven, and following first and third Mondays.

Other teas for girls coming out this month were Mrs. Bilton's at McConkey's last week and Mrs. Russell Greenwood's for her second daughter. Mrs. Spence also gave a charming tea for her debutante.

Mrs. Boulbee's dance at the Metropolitan leads off the festivities next Monday night. Mrs. Somerville's follows on Tuesday, at the King Edward; Mrs. Albert Gooderham's is on Friday, and several others are on for

the intervening nights, while, as for teas and luncheons, one's memory fails to enumerate them. Half a hundred debutantes do make things lively in the last two months of the year. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston has changed the date of her young folks' dance to the 18th, as the dance at Government House is on the date she first thought of.

Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne was in New York for the Horse Show, and attendant festivities with Lady Allen and Lady Augusta Fane, and returned home on Tuesday. I hear that Mrs. Osborne's new play is very favorably thought of by New York critics, and the scene will be laid in Quebec, in the time of Wolfe and Montcalm. That period is rich in historical interest, full of action, and the costumes are most picturesque. The English, French and habitant types should give a playwright lots of chance to combine and elaborate effectively. Mrs. Osborne's friends recognize her talent, and hope she may achieve all the success possible in so rich a field.

St. Andrew's ball, the crowning festivity of the month, was on the tapis last night, too late for particulars. The Scotch dances have been undertaken by a large party of new-to-the-game enthusiasts, who have nearly worn out the soles, or souls, of their patient instructors, and no doubt did them credit last night.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright are rejoicing in the return of Alfred, Jr., a strapping young engineer, who has been away for eighteen months. I hear he is a very fine young fellow, and his father and dainty little-step-mama are very proud of him.

Major and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald and Mrs. Smith and Mr. Homer Smith have taken a large flat in the Alexandra.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox gave a lovely tea on Monday for Miss Mabel, a debutante of this month. Mrs. Worts Smart assisted at her young sister's debut, and the three ladies were the acme of smartness in their handsome gowns. Flowers of the finest, and girls of the most attractive, were aids to enjoyment, and heaps of bouquets were sent to the debutante.

Mrs. Gregory's reception at Westminster College last Friday (23rd) was largely attended, and the clever and cordial hostess made every guest feel welcome to the fine college precincts. Mrs. Gregory has been in collegiate work all her life, and has always been a progressive, earnest and successful woman. She and her husband have a large circle of influential and hearty friends in Toronto, who turned out in good numbers to enjoy an hour of social pleasure together.

Mr. Dillon Wallace of New York, author of "The Lure of the Labrador," will be in Toronto on Monday, and will lecture that evening on "Recent Exploration in Labrador and the Far North" in Association Hall. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Aura Lee Club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Willis of London, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter Lillian to W. A. Nisbet of the law firm of Elwood & Nisbet, Moosomin, Sask., formerly of Arnoldi & Nisbet, Toronto. The marriage will take place early in January.

Mrs. Leigh Hammond will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 134 Roxborough street west, at the home of her mother, Mrs. McClung, next Monday and Tuesday afternoons, not Tuesday and Wednesday, as elsewhere stated.

Mrs. B. A. Myers of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gibson, 141 Winchester street.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Lockie Hamilton, who have been at their country place, since their return from Winnipeg, are shortly to leave for Germany.

"O!" remarked the first fox-hunter, "you should have seen Mr. Nuritch take that high hedge." "You surprise me!" exclaimed the other. "I thought the horse he rode wasn't much of a jumper." "Oh! the horse didn't take the hedge. Mr. Nuritch did it alone."—Philadelphia Press.

An Ohio man, who confesses to be of an exceptionally inquisitive turn, recounts a story of an Irishman employed as driver for a sprinkling-cart in a town in that State.

One day the inquisitive man stopped Mulcahy near the river. "How long have you hauled water

for this town, Mulcahy?" he asked.

"Nine years, sor."

"And how many loads do you take a day, Mulcahy?"

"From ten to fifteen, sor."

"From ten to fifteen loads a day, eh? Quite a pretty figure that would make in course of time. How much water, at this rate, do you suppose you have hauled, Mulcahy?"

The man on the water-cart jerked his thumb backward in the direction of the river and replied:

"All the wather you don't see there, now, sor."—Harper's Weekly.

## The Hygiene of Erindale Farm.

(From The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery.)

The cattle located on Erindale Farm have a home that very few farms can equal; the stables are modern in structure, with cement floors; the divisions between the cows are constructed of iron; each cow is secured with a stanchion; spring water in automatic water basins, stationed at the head of each cow, is always available at their desire. The means of light is obtained with almost constructed walls of glass, while numerous electric lights remove the darkness at night. No feed whatever is contained in this building, it being stored and mixed by electric motors, in an adjoining barn, and conveyed to the cows in cars that are operated on overhead rails. When visitors enter this building they are greeted with a cheerful and contented herd of fine cattle. Noxious odors, are wholly absent, and everything is scrupulously clean; indeed, these model buildings, with a superior and contented herd, and such a farm, with all its natural surroundings, is all that is required to produce the very best of milk. Such care of barns, buildings and cows is unusual and extraordinary. It results in a pure, clean and superior milk, perfectly suited to the nursery and table, a fact of particular interest to physicians.

## The "Scarlet Mysteries."

The "Scarlet Mysteries" is the appellation borne by an English company of artistes who are visiting Canadian shores for the first time, and who are to introduce themselves to audiences here in performances at the Massey Hall next week. They are gentlemen holding high positions both socially and in the musical world, who prefer to sink individuality and score their successes as a collective body known as the "Scarlet Mysteries," and have accepted their present engagements upon the distinct understanding that they travel "incognito" and hide their identity beneath a cloak and mask. The company includes several singers, two comedians, a lightning art-humorist and a pianist.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

## Births.

MACDONALD — At Glencoe, Edmonton, Alberta, on Monday, November 26, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Walter Macdonald, a daughter.

BROWN — Toronto, November 27. Mrs. Newton H. Brown, a son.

LANG — Toronto, November 26, Mrs. A. Lang, Jr., a son.

MARSH — Toronto, November 24. Mrs. Thomas J. Marsh, a son.

WHITE — Toronto, November 26. Mrs. J. Percival White, a daughter.

## Marriages.

BURWELL — BUTLER — In St. James' Church, Stratford, on November 22, 1906, by the Lord Bishop of Huron, brother-in-law of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. T. Cluff, rector, Miss Edith, eldest daughter of ex-Mayor and Mrs. H. T. Butler, Stratford, to Mr. Ernest Victor Burwell, B.Sc., of Toronto, son of the late Hannibal Burwell of London.

DAVIS — ADAMS — Toronto, November 27, Mary Louise Adams to Walter Robert Davis.

## Deaths.

ADAMS — Toronto, November 27. Mrs. Charles Adams, aged 45 years.

GREENWAY — Toronto, November 27. Mrs. Hannah Greenway, aged 78 years.

REIVE — Toronto, November 27. Mrs. William Reive, aged 51 years.

RIDDEL — Toronto, November 25. Mrs. A. L. Riddel, aged 61 years.

TRAILL — Toronto, November 27. James Traill, aged 67 years.

WATKINS — Toronto, November 25. William Davis Watkins, aged 71 years.

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## NOTES

From New York

THE past week has been one of considerable activity in various directions. First in social importance at least was the twenty-second annual Horse Show, held in Madison Square Garden, which proved also one of the most successful and brilliant in the history of the association. And this was accomplished without any such outside social assistance as has marked some former occasions. Prince Louis, for instance, was the honored guest a year ago, but this year not even a negotiable member of the peerage, much less royalty, lent its distinguished presence. Left thus to its own resources, it would seem that smart New York put forth increased effort to demonstrate the abundance of its own social resources. All the boxes, on the opening and following days and nights, were filled by well known social celebrities, before whom as usual the members of the board-walk paraded in open-mouthed but dumb homage.

This year also the Horse proved a more or less important feature of the Show, and for once at least has no cause for jealousy in the distribution of the limelight. The entry list was unusually long, and competition was keen in all classes. Forest King, owned by Judge Moore, proved himself, for the third time, champion of the show, carrying off the much-coveted Waldorf and Martinique Cups. This famous horse has never shown better form than this season, and his phenomenal knee action made him the unquestioned popular favorite in every competition. He had to step his prettiest at times, however, especially in the final for the lightweight championship, when J. W. Harriman's Nala was pitted against him. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt carried off the highest honors of the show, capturing twelve blue ribbons, to Judge Moore's eleven. Mrs. John Gerken was third, and Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt fourth.

The production of Browning "Pippa Passes" and Mme. Nazimova's performance of "Hedda Gabler," under the direction of Mr. Henry Miller, both in prospect in my last notes, proved memorable events in the realm of the literary drama. With "Pippa Passes" realized on the stage, Mrs. Le Moyne completes her trilogy of Browning plays, "A Blot in the Scutcheon" and "In a Balcony" having already been successfully presented and ranking among the best achievements of the American stage. "Pippa Passes" does not lend itself as readily to stage presentation as either of the others, and, strictly speaking, cannot be called a play, in the conventional sense. There is no continuity of action, for instance, not even a progression of incident, but a series rather of dramatic events, which the singing of little Pippa as she moves across the scene, is supposed to influence. Some of the scenes, however, are splendid acting scenes, that between Ottima and Sebald in the Shrub House, for instance, providing a really great one-act tragedy.

But play or no play, as a serious, sympathetic, dignified interpretation of the tragic poem, this production will take its place beside those other delightful ones named. All that the love of a devoted enthusiast such as Mrs. Le Moyne has proved herself to be, could do, assisted by that past-master in stage presentation, Mr. Henry Miller, has been done, and well done. And, while it is too much to hope that this, or for that matter any Browning play, can ever become of popular interest, the achievement will rejoice all admirers of the great poet.

Mme. Nazimova's "Hedda Gabler" will rank among the greatest, if it be not actually the greatest, impersonation of the famous Ibsen character on record. It is equally safe to say that New York has witnessed no such acting since Duse, and, judging as far as one may from a single characterization, the Russian is worthy in all respects to be compared with her Italian contemporary. Bernhardt is outclassed. This is high praise, and to some must seem extravagant. But time, I think, will prove that it is deserved. The poverty of our own stage has perhaps never been made more conspicuous than in this English premiere of the Russian, and should Mme. Nazimova decide to make her artistic home with us as now seems probable, her supremacy on the American stage will be indisputable. Her achievement is all the more remarkable from the fact that a year ago she could not speak a word of English. Now she speaks it with only a slight foreign accent, while her enunciation is actually clearer than that of most of our na-

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**SO OFTEN WE NOTICE** the effect the habit has here in the store—not only among our own assistants but among customers, too. People are so apt to wait till 5.29 when the store closes at 5.30; to wait till Dec. 24, when Christmas comes next day; to put off attending a sale until the last week or hour.

**AND SO IT IS** with the Christmas Housefurnishing Club. People wait too long. We would like to see the membership filled the very first week. One thousand people are going to join anyway. Why not join early and have full use of membership? The club closes Dec. 20. Three weeks of leisure in which to choose goods is better than a fortnight, or a week.

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**NOTE**—Ninety per cent. of your Christmas presents, may be bought on Club Account, especially those of family importance—a rug, a pair of portieres, an easy chair, a writing desk, a painting, etc. etc. Join now and choose at leisure.

**Out-of-town readers should write to-day.**

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tive-born actresses. But this actress does not depend entirely on her lines. In fact, her studied silence is quite as eloquent at times as her speech. Her command of stage technique is a marvel. The art of acting by which we mean the art of expressing thought, emotion, etc., in physical action, has been studied to its finest detail. Every pose, gesture and facial expression, even to the languid drooping of an eye-lid, or the contemptuous half smile that lingers tauntingly at the corners of her mouth, are eloquent of the intolerable boredom of Hedda's life. The subtlety of the portrait, its elusiveness, hold you with a great indescribable charm. Cynicism, genuine contempt for Tesman, an almost malignant hatred of poor Mrs. Elvsted, are expressed with almost imperceptible changes of countenance and tone. Yet not a single note is spared of the insinuating malevolence of the character. The studied deliberation and repose, the slow tempo of every movement seem only to emphasize the calculated cruelty of Hedda's conduct.

In her performance of "The Shulamite," just brought to a close, Miss Lena Ashwell has scored a great personal success, and but for the fact that Mrs. Fiske's season was already arranged at the Lyric, Miss Ashwell's engagement might have been continued there indefinitely. She is an exceedingly flexible, accomplished artist, with strong, magnetic force, and an emotional appeal that is invariably convincing. The scenes of the play, as you already know, are laid in South Africa, and the events are supposed to have taken place twenty-five years ago. Deborah Krillet is the young, beautiful wife of a Bible-reading, pious, tyrannical old Boer, who holds rather old-fashioned ideas on the subject of wifely obedience, and does not hesitate to enforce them with the whip on occasion. An Englishman joins the Krillet household to take up farming, and it is Deborah's contact, for the first time, with the new world which the English represents, with its broad view of life generally and wifely relation in particular. That provides the dramatic conflict to follow. The fires of revolt that have long smoldered in Deborah's breast are soon fanned to flame, and Krillet at last awakens to the fact that his authority over his wife is gone. On the further discovery that Deborah and the Englishman are in love, the pious old Boer conceives it his duty to shoot her,

and is only prevented by the Englishman, who, in the duel, kills Krillet. A terrific thunderstorm raging at the time, coupled with the known Kafir dread of a dead body, offers a speedy solution of the lovers' dilemma, and, with their own hands, they bury the old Boer at once, without ceremony. All goes well until the sister of the dead man, through a chance word, is led to suspect the truth. Through her well-known cupidity, however, she is finally persuaded to silence, and the lovers sail for England, leaving the farm and all Krillet's possessions behind as the price of their freedom. Not a very logical dramatic outcome, we think, under the conditions, but perhaps it is better in the long run that we should be sent home happy rather than convinced. And Miss Ashwell's characterization of Deborah more than makes up for any minor defects in psychology or dramatic construction. Her acting in this strongly emotional role can hardly be praised too highly, we think.

Another item of interest to Canadians was that of the two matinee performances of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," in which Miss Anglin and Miss Ashwell joined forces, alternating in the leading role. With two leading Canadian actresses, for, although Miss Ashwell's artistic reputation has been made in England, Canadians will remember with pride that she also is theirs by birth and English by adoption only—and part of the scene of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play, laid in Canada, it seemed like a Canadian affair all around. Both performances were excellent, and if Miss Ashwell seems the more experienced flexible artist, Miss Anglin has the advantage in power for cumulative emotion.

The past week has brought a number of changes in theatrical offerings, but these we can only mention for the present. "Brigadier Gerard" proved a failure, and in its stead, "Sir Anthony," an amusing comedy by C. Haddon Chambers, has been presented by Liebler & Co. Mrs. Fiske has also opened her Metropolitan season in "The New York Idea," a smart satire on the subject of divorce; Miss Robson has changed "Nurse Marjorie" for a double bill, "Susan in Search of a Husband," and "A Tenement Tragedy," while Charles Klein's new play, "The Daughters of Men," has succeeded Miss Viola Allen's beautiful production of "Cymbeline," at the New Astor.

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## Headquarters For Remittance Men

HERE are a good many remittance men in the great Northwest, sons of wealthy Englishmen sent out to the wilds to prevent them from disgracing the old people at home. England itself is such a little place that once a young man does something out of the ordinary, whether good or bad, it speedily becomes a matter of public knowledge. So the doers of evil are sent away to expiate their sins in the bracing air of the prairies, while the doers of good remain to build up the name.

Calgary, from its situation, about nine hundred miles further along the line than Winnipeg, in the midst of the ranching country, has become the paradise of the remittance man, says a newspaper correspondent.

The traveller who meets a remittance man for the first time will probably be struck by the fact that he is well bred. So he is; but he divides his year usually into quarters and measures time from the arrival of his money from home.

Invariably the remittance is sent on the condition that the recipient keep himself absent from the British Isles. So the remittance man feels himself more or less wedded to the country of his forced adoption and tries to make the best of it.

How Calgary first attracted these wandering spirits no one seems to know, but they are there. Calgary has the ordinary attractions of the Western town and the usual saloons and the usual clubs.

Of course it sounds very nice to be in the position of getting from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year just to stay where one is put and behave oneself as well as one can without turning robber or highwayman. But the remittance man finds it hard to change his habits even with the world smiling fresh about him every morning.

He goes on drinking just as he did at home, and playing for high stakes just as he did at home and getting into difficulties just as he did at home. The one saving feature, from his point of view, is that all remittances do not arrive the same day.

If they did it might be better for all concerned, for then somebody would have to work, but as it is the red-letter days are scattered over all seasons and the colony reaps the advantage. Every remittance man knows the remittance days of the others as well as he does his own, and he goes on the theory that if he spends all his allowance for the entertainment of the others they will spend all their allowances for his entertainment.

Trust a remittance man for scenting out a new-comer. There are grand times when he arrives. He is dined and admitted as a special privilege into the resorts of gaming and drinking. He feels himself quite at home with the old accent all about him and every incentive to keep on with his old wild ways.

Queer stories are told of remittance men. There was one young fellow sent out from Manchester as a hopeless case. He landed on a ranch near Calgary, and for a time rode about and appeared to be trying to make something out of himself; but by and by he fell under the charm of the Remittance Club, and the old temptations were too strong to be resisted.

After he had written a glowing letter home, telling of the glories and the possibilities of the country, he ended up by expressing the hope that his father would send him enough money to buy a ranch. The delighted father complied at once, and the next letter made a further request for cash to stock the ranch with cattle.

After the industrious son had, with his companions, got away with \$35,000, the father sent a cable despatch saying that he was coming to look over the ranch. There was a lively time among the remittance men when the despatch reached the son. He hesitated for a long time between flight and confession, but at last a happy thought struck him.

He borrowed the use of a ranch from a friend for three days and awaited his father's arrival with the greatest equanimity. When the old gentleman came he was driven out to the borrowed ranch and entertained for three days, his devoted son never leaving his side.

On departing the father gave the son an order for \$25,000 to show his appreciation of his reformed life. There was general rejoicing as long as the money lasted, but it went speedily in the usual ways.

There are not wanting men who get allowances from home and who work hard at ranching the year round save on the day and the few days following the arrival of their money. Then they go to town and spend it all recklessly and are appar-

ently willing to work for their keep until the next quarter.

Calgary itself is not particularly proud of being the headquarters of this class of ne'er-do-wells, but there is no way to prevent the spending of money. The hope is that the remittance man will in time imbibe enough of the enthusiasm for the country's future to throw his influence in the path of development.

## A Calgary Fable

From The Townsman.

LONG, Long Ago there lived an Exclusive Family in Calgary whose Visiting List included No One whose Name was not in the Telephone Book. In Bruce, Pa and Ma had been Dissenters, but now are never allowed to mention it in Company; Daughter was a Frisky Filly who would rather trot in the Pusalopian Class, so Poor Ma was Sickened on Pa for the Necessary Spondoolicks to send Daughter to Have-a-Gall.

Pa had made his Little Pile buying Tax Tiles Back Home, and could Squeeze a Bruce Penny till it Squealed a Few. Pa said Whitby or Nothing and Daughter thought it was All Day with her, but Next Day Pa made a couple of Ten Strikes in the Dirt Business, selling Two Acres in the Coulee of Nose Hill to a Sucker from Home who couldn't see Skin Game if it was handed him on a Platter Garnished with Parsley. Little Lizzie had her Wish, and was for going with All her Glad Clothes. But Oh! No! Pa had studied the Rules of the Game over night and in his best "I am Thy Father's Ghost" voice ordered a Reversible Plaid and Raglan. But Ma added a Low-cut, that she got on Tick.

The Have-a-gall Gairuls were Next as soon as They saw the Cut of her Tewque; Elizabeth could neither Dahse nor write the Vertical System. But Elizabeth soon Out-distanced the Bunch, and after she cut her Eyeteeth and had her Tongue slit, could recite in the Most Approved Accong, "The Curfew Shall NOT ring" and Ben Hur, in a voice that you could hear a mile on a Clear Day. Also she was well Coached and Trained to the Minute for her Debut in the Roped Arena, and could give Pointers on Society Stunts to the Whole Posse.

When Gladys Elizabeth returned Home, her Old Friends from the Departmental Store rushed in to see This Finish. Gladys rose languidly from the Davenport, and with Sphinx features asked them to Be seated. The Hired Girl brought in Hot Tea which also started to freeze, and between Chills Mayme stammered that She thought there'd be Skating to-morrow.

At her First Appearance in church, the Neighbors put on Blinders, and Solomon turned in his Grave.

The Frontispiece of Eaton's Catalogue was a Back Number and No Mistake.

The swell Society Ladies wondered who she was Anyway, but Good Clothes are a Long Suit, and she was asked to Assist. The Society Column remarked her High Action, and She—WAS IN.

Mother was Still Out—reading the Account to Mrs. Kelly over the Back Fence.

But Time which works Wonders played Second Fiddle to Gladys Elizabeth and Money. Fawtha no longer Side Steps nor kicks the Traces. He is Broke both Ways and is Trained to Eat out of Her Hand; and Motha in a French Corset and a Silk Lined Suit of Exclusive Design, Actually gave Mrs. Kelly the Cut Direct Right in Front of the Royal Hotel!

Moral.—Invest your Money in Real Estate.

## Bazaar at All Saints'

The selecting of Christmas gifts may be a labor of love, but for most of us the labor is the outstanding feature. It becomes purely a pleasure, however, among such charming surroundings as will be provided at the Annual Bazaar in All Saints' schoolhouse on Thursday and Friday of next week. The ladies have a tempting display of dainty articles at most reasonable prices, and calendars, pictures, photographs of Canadian scenes, and dainty water-color vignettes by T. H. Bridgen form popular additions to the usual list, which find prompt and ready purchasers. In addition to the entertainments, and other attractive features being arranged, the High Tea, for which All Saints' is noted, will be served from six till eight o'clock on both days, and five o'clock tea from four to six.

As he left the mountain hotel where he had come for the autumnal foliage, he said to the landlord:

"There is one thing about your hotel table that is not surpassed, even at the most palatial London hotel."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the landlord, eagerly.

"The salt!"—Modern Society.

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50 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO**The Opening of Parliament  
AS A SOCIAL FUNCTION**

ALL social entertainments of a minor character paled last week in the shadow of the two most important functions of the season at the Capital, the opening of Parliament on Thursday afternoon and the Drawing-room held by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey on Saturday night, the scene of both events being, as usual, the Senate Chamber. At the opening of Parliament, although not an empty seat was visible on the floor of the House, yet the usual discomfort due to overcrowding which has in past years rather marred the pleasure of this event, was in no way felt. The same old-time pomp and ceremony which has always characterized this function, was gone through as usual, and, in a very short time, we were "well and truly" launched in the Third Session of the present Parliament. On her entrance Her Excellency was escorted to her seat, to the left of the throne, by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and was attended by the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Howick, Mrs. Benson (Her Excellency's sister), and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, and in the vice-Regal box were Mrs. Arthur Sladen, the Misses Hanbury Williams and Miss Duns-muir, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who is at present the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams.

Each year the gowns for this event and the Drawing-room seem to surpass those of the preceding year in point of richness and beauty, and a more superbly gowned group of women than was seen in the Senate Chamber at the two functions last week it would be difficult to imagine. At the Opening some of the more noticeable were the following:

Lady Grey's gown was of white satin, draped with silver sequined tulle, handsome old pointe lace trimming the corsage. Her magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds were also worn.

Mrs. Benson's costume was of black tulle over Burgundy satin, embroidered in silver, and she also wore a handsome diamond tiara and necklace.

Lady Sybil Grey was in white satin, with gold embroidery, silver and gold lace on the corsage and a wreath of leaves in her hair.

Lady Evelyn Grey was also in white satin, draped with chiffon, and wore a golden wreath in her hair.

Lady Howick was a dainty little figure in pale pink chiffon and satin, trimmed with opalescent sequins and pearls.

Mrs. Hanbury Williams, in a delicate grey satin toilet, embroidered in silver, looked extremely well, and wore the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Lady Laurier's gown, of deep ivory moire, heavily embroidered in gold, was one of the handsomest on the floor of the House.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton's costume was a very handsome and striking one of glittering sapphire blue sequins over silk of the same shade, and court train, composed of numerous rows of chiffon ruffles; old rose pointe lace and a cluster of shaded nasturtiums trimmed the bodice.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth's gown was of the same rich blue in chiffon velvet, appliqued in a lighter shade of taffeta leaves, and she wore diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Frank Oliver and the Misses Oliver all wore handsome Parisian gowns, Mrs. Oliver's being of cream satin, embroidered in rosebuds and forget-me-nots, with touches of silver—Miss Oliver being in pink with overdress of white chiffon, embroidered in silver, and Miss Clara wearing a most becoming gown of pale blue chiffon velvet, trimmed with silver sequined lace.

Toronto was well represented by a contingent of exceedingly handsomely-dressed women, among them:

Mrs. Plunkett Magann, who looked lovely in a robe of valenciennes lace over pink silk, the design of the lace being outlined in pink embroidery.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr, who was richly gowned in a pointe d'Alencon robe over cream silk, and wore a bird of Paradise in her hair.

Mrs. J. P. Whitney, whose handsome gown was of grey moire, trimmed with Brussels lace, a large bouquet of American Beauty roses, which she carried, lending a touch of color to the costume.

Miss Joan Arnoldi, who was handsomely attired in a black jetted gown over black chiffon and taffeta.

Miss Denzil, who wore black lace over white satin, and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Willie Gwynne, who wore a rich Parisian toilet of grey satin, and who brought her pretty young daughter, Miss Norah Gwynne, one of this

year's debutantes, gowned in white embroidered chiffon over white taffeta, with pearl trimmings.

Mrs. Stewart Gordon, another welcome guest from Toronto, was beautifully gowned in white chiffon embroidered in silver over pale blue panne velvet, and wore a wreath of blue flowers in her hair.

Mrs. Dignam of Toronto wore an effective gown of violet satin, with black lace trimmings, and pearl and amethyst ornaments.

Space forbids the mention of the many more exquisite gowns worn on this notable occasion.

At the Drawing-room on Saturday night it was also a source of much satisfaction to find that the usual excessive crowding so uncomfortably noticeable on former occasions was not this time to be experienced, and the line of those waiting to be presented moved slowly instead of being pushed towards the Senate Chamber, and it was all over in about an hour and a quarter.

Although many Ottawa people were present, the larger number of attendants were strangers. Exactly at nine o'clock His Excellency entered to the strains of the National Anthem, struck up by the Governor-General's Foot Guards. With Her Excellency, Lady Grey, he took his place on the throne, and the presentations were immediately begun, the first to be presented being the ladies of the vice-Regal household, Miss Hanbury Williams (one of the prettiest of the many debutantes), and then others, according to official precedence. The gowns worn were even more admired than those of Thursday, and the veils and feathers, of course, added considerably to the pretty scene.

Her Excellency wore on this occasion a gown of pink and white tissue, with court train of green velvet embroidered in gold. Lady Sybil Grey was in white satin, with gold sequined net overdress. Lady Evelyn Grey's gown was of yellow satin brocade. Lady Howick was in black velvet and old lace. Mrs. Benson's gown was of pale yellow tissue, with court train of rose velvet. Mrs. Hanbury Williams was in white satin, with net embroidered in gold. Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams looked extremely sweet and girlish in a gown of tulle over cloth of silver. Lady Laurier looked queenly in cream panne velvet with court train. Mrs. Frank Oliver wore grey embroidered net, with cut-steel ornaments on the corsage. The Misses Oliver were both prettily gowned in white. Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth's gown was very effective, being black tulle over white with sequined trimmings. Mrs. Clifford Sifton wore an extremely becoming costume of yellow satin brocade. Lady Davies, gowned in white lace over chiffon, brought her youngest daughter, a debutante, who was prettily gowned in white chiffon, with lace trimmings. Lady Allan of Montreal was in white net, embroidered in silver. Mrs. Lionel Guest of Montreal was gowned in a very handsome costume of cloth of gold. Mrs. Stewart Gordon of Toronto wore a blue satin gown, embroidered in silver. Miss Norah Gwynne was very sweet in a soft white gown, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Britton Francis of Toronto wore a very becoming gown of pink silk net over pompadour silk. Miss Joan Arnoldi's dainty gown of pale green tulle was very becoming. Mrs. Plunkett Magann was in pink velvet, with trimmings of lace, and carried a magnificent bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Edward Bristol of Toronto was much admired in a lace robe over silk, with Parisian embroidery. Mrs. George E. Foster wore a very artistic costume of violet satin, with lace overdress, and ornaments of amethysts and pearls.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, November 26, 1906.

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Worldly Person—No, but I should like to see it very much.—Sketch.

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## Where the Gold Is

It is a surprising fact that, though for the past fifteen or twenty years the production of gold throughout the world has been steadily rising, the United Kingdom at the present time is bare of gold. Not in a literal sense, for there is always a handsome amount of coin and bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, says The London Daily Mail, but in comparison with other and perhaps more fortunate countries.

The English stock of gold at the Bank of England was £24,000,000 at the close of the year 1880, in the days of small gold production and much smaller business. It was only £28,000,000 at the close of 1905, though we have seen that the gold production had trebled in the interval, and business had probably doubled. The highest point reached was in 1895, at the end of which year it stood at £45,000,000. It is to-day about £29,000,000 — a dangerously small sum for modern times.

Where England had stood still, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and the United States have all advanced. In most of these countries trade has been developing far faster than in England, and gold goes where trade is most active. In France, the stock of gold in the Bank of France has risen from £24,000,000 in 1880 to £115,000,000 in 1905. It has thus been more than quadrupled, and even to-day it is £112,000,000. France has an ample supply, but her bank authorities are careful not to part with their gold when they can possibly prevent it.

Germany maintained in 1880 a stock of only £9,600,000 in the vaults of the Reichsbank at Berlin, in addition, of course, to the military war chest of coined gold Spandau, on which the nation can fall back as a last reserve in the hour of war. She trebled this amount between 1880 and 1905, for in the latter year the figure was £29,000,000, while it is £36,000,000 to-day. Where England has stood still, Germany has got the gold. Her ally, Austria, is another great holder of gold, and has recently increased her holding markedly. The Austro-Hungarian Bank in 1880 had a supply of only £5,600,000, which by the skill of its financial authorities was expanded to a figure of £46,000,000 in 1905, and which has been as high as £49,000,000 in 1904.

In Italy and Russia, though the figures for 1880 are not available, the same attention has been shown to the gold reserve. Russia had at the end of 1905 an amount of £74,000,000, or nearly three times the British one. Italy had at the end of the same year a supply of £25,000,000 in gold, which in the present year has been raised to £28,000,000. In the United States the Treasury at the end of 1905 had gold of the value of £38,000,000 in its vaults, against an amount of £24,000,000 in 1880.

Thus France, Germany, Austria, Russia and the United States all keep a larger stock of gold than does improvident England. All, or most of them, have increased their stock to correspond with the growth in gold production. Italy, with infinitely smaller requirements and obligations than the United Kingdom, has certainly quintupled her stock of gold in the last twenty-five years, while England rests content with practically the same quantity of the precious metal as in the past and trusts to luck to bring her through any serious crisis.

It is not as though the British Empire did not produce gold in immense quantities. The mines of the Rand before the Radicals got to work upon them were turning out £20,800,000 worth annually; the Australian output last year was £17,104,000, and the Canadian production £2,886,000. The United States stood next to South Africa, with a production of £17,268,000 worth.

The old captain whose seafaring days were over looked from the easel to the artist and back to the easel again with a tolerant smile.

"Hanging around the wharf as I do, I see a good many of your kind," he said, in a friendly tone. "Going to paint the sea, I take it. Well, I'm glad to see you sitting down to it."

"Don't the others sit down?" asked the artist.

"Most of 'em do," said the captain, "but there was one woman kept walkin' round, and holdin' up a pencil an' squintin' her eyes. Finally she got where the view seemed to please her, but she kep' steppin' back'ard an' steppin' back'ard, till at last she stepped off."

"No great harm done," added the captain, stooping to look more closely at the picture on the easel. We fished her out, an' I guess after that she was content to paint common."

— Youth's Companion.



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## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 16 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this act or document will not be paid for.